

Life is Dark

by saber007

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Summary: People always think of monsters as hideous creatures with deformities that terrorize people. When the real monsters are the ones that look completely normal. They're the ones that blend in. They're exteriors are masks. Mark Jefferson is the real monster. Mark Jefferson is my father. I love Daddy. Am I a monster?

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

So I just finished playing Life is Strange and I am hooked. The game showed some messed up sides that people are capable of having. Nothing is black and white. If anybody would be interested in being a beta for the story feel free to send me a message or if I get some information wrong. I've been trying to find a script for the game's dialogue but I haven't been successful yet.

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"Cl...Issaâ€|Ake..Up" I felt a small nudge.

That soft voice was calling again. I wanted to answer, but the dark surrounded me. Only the fleeting flashes of light could push the dark away. The sound of a camera shutter accompanied each shot of light. Why was it so dark?

"Clarissa wake up!" The nudge became a hard tug on my shoulder. I was pulled from the darkness. The flashes of light were replaced with the harsh glare of sunlight. My body felt chilled from the nightmare. I hated the dark. The dark reminded me of that special place.

"Clarissa, come on. You're going to make me late for class. Snap out of it and get dressed." The voice sounded slurred to me. I knew he

was speaking, but my brain couldn't process the words.

A heavy weight settled on my nose. With sharp clarity my father's unamused face glared at me. His similar brown eyes were intense. I could faintly smell his aftershave from his proximity. His annoying beard made him look ruff to me. He however saw it as a good imitation of a trendy teacher. Everything about him had to be carefully planned. I was his only wild card, but I knew better. Dad didn't like bad behavior.

Adjusting my glasses I went about the process of getting ready for school while dad complained about my unending morning lethargy.

My reflection made me cringe. The lack of sleep had made depressing wedges under my eyes. It was nothing a little makeup couldn't hide, but dad detested me wearing any kind of product. So I usually avoided it. I'd never be gorgeous anyway. My face leaned more towards the childish side. It doesn't matter my blue glasses will hide the evidence. Dad likes how I look anyway.

"Hmm, I smell something." Opening the door of the bathroom the heavenly smell of my favorite morning food hit my nose. "Oh, bacon."

My moan was drowned out by the loud rumbling of a stomach. The reward of breakfast made me move double time. My white dress slid on me and my messy hair settled into a bun. I'd fix my hair later. Done in the bathroom I entered the kitchen to see dad alternating between sipping black coffee and reading notes for his class lectures at the table. He really took his art classes seriously. Too bad most the students were too stupid to appreciate his wealth of knowledge. Especially the females. They made me sick.

"Morning Daddy." He nodded at me and pushed my hearty breakfast towards me.

I joined him and tucked into my morning meal. No better way to start the day than bacon, eggs, and waffles. Dad is the better cook out of the two of us. I get way too impatient when I cook. Neither of us could hold a candle to the Two Whales though. The breathy chuckle of dad made me pause eating.

"Maybe I should just start putting a plate of food under your nose if I want to wake you up." His earlier irritation was replaced with his usual suave smile.

"You never know that might just work. But if you really want my attention just give me some of Ms. Joyce's cooking." My dad's moods were contagious to me.

"Well if you'd get up earlier maybe we could go out for breakfast. Though I don't see why you'd want diner food when you have me as a personal chef. Like they say, 'Nothing tastes better than home cooking'." Careful waves of arrogance rolled off his shoulders as he laughed again.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to insult the Master Chef." My answer was rewarded with an obnoxious eye roll. For a moment I saw his mouth twitch into that strange expression of his. It was a mixture of amusement and irritation. It seemed impossible for a person to

express conflicting emotions in one expression but somehow dad found a way to do it. Just as quick as it appeared that strange smile vanished. This makes it the first time I've seen it today. Usually I manage to see that smile at least ten times a day. I'm such a brat.

"Save that teenage attitude for school. I get enough of that from my students to not want to deal with it at home."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson." My voice imitated a certain queen bee's voice. It was funny to see dad's grimace. He only liked to be fawned over from a distance or when it served a purpose. The quickest way to lose his attention was obvious posing.

Dad finished his coffee and proceeded to start packing his briefcase. Following his example I cleaned up the table and placed the dishes in the sink. I still needed to grab my bag and fix my hair before we left out. Sliding the closet open I reached for my blue-jean jacket and boots. I usually dressed nicer than this to represent dad well, but I planned on going to the beach after school. Maybe I'd end up getting some good shots this time. Last time I was there I took a good shot of my feet dangling from the ramp. The shot had been disturbing. I don't know why I took it. Sitting at my vanity, I rummaged through my jewelry box for my studs and locket.

The black studs had been my first piercings. I had gotten them from doing drunken dare. Peer pressure from the crazy Vortex Club at its finest. Dad was pissed when he first saw them. He saw them as ugly, that they were a sign of me entering a transition prematurely. That'd been a horrible week for me. I was thereâ€¦

"It's not dark in here." To stop the trembles I snatched my brush. Like a mantra I repeated the phrase as I brushed. Focus on something.

My hair is auburn. It's bright. One side of my hair was brushed behind my ear. I left the other side covering my face. I'd spend the day pushing my bangs out of my eyes. These eyes are just like dad's.

"Stop thinking. It's time to start another day as Clarissa Jefferson." My shaking hand picked up my satchel. I needed to leave my cave.

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"Alright Clarissa, no getting into trouble with your boy toy today. I don't want to have another meeting with Principal Wells about you skipping class." Dad opened the car door for me. The game of appearances had started.

"I won't. Nathan was just having a bad day and wanted to get away. I couldn't say no." I shuffled next to dad as he hit the lock button. The beep of the car made me flinch. "You know how he can be."

Even though he got me into trouble with dad again I couldn't help smiling. He's my brown menace.

"I do know. As a concerned father it's my job to caution you against reckless behavior. I hate repeating myself, but I don't need to deal

with anymore slip ups." Dad casually wrapped his arm around my shoulder. He rarely hugged me. Even if this was anything but a sign of affection I still leaned into his warmth. "Do you understand Clarissa?"

"Yes Daddy. No more trouble for me." I could pretend that he was just being overprotective. I pretended that he didn't want his princess getting into trouble.

"Good girl." He pressed a kiss to my head and separated himself from me. I craved his affection even it was just a front. He gave more of it to his students than me. Though his smitten students don't know him like I do. They'll never really understand him.

The shouting of students calling out to dad interrupted our quiet walk. As expected dad enthusiastically replied to each student. Some of them even greeted me as well. The girls made sure to greet me too. They most likely thought that by showing me favor it would endear their prized teacher to them. I'd laugh at them if I could. When would they figure out flaunting themselves would get them nowhere. Negative thoughts aside, I greeted them all with equal enthusiasm. Having a popular parent meant that almost everyone knew who I was. Whether they took advantage of that knowledge either put them on my shit list or on my prospective list. I made it my mission to know everyone on the prospective list intimately.

"See you later Daddy." We made it to the entrance of the school. I was going to kill time in the boy's dorm until my classes started since dad had classes to teach.

"Wait Clarissa." His voice made me halt and turn back.

"Here." He dropped an inhaler in my palm. "I picked it up for you. I know your last one is getting low."

I gingerly held the inhaler. This small little thing has such a big hold on me. Sometimes I just wanted to toss the stupid thing. If it weren't for who my dad is, the kids at this school would write me off as a pathetic nerd. I mean really, asthma and glasses? I could dress as stylish as I liked or have some of the best grades. I was still burdened with classic wimp problems.

"Thanks I can't believe I forgot to pick it up." I placed the inhaler in my bag. Dark thoughts pushed back.

"Yes you've been out of it, but I can tell this is going to be a strange week though.." He trailed off as he looked out to the sea. He was seeing something I couldn't. "Well off you go. I'll see you in class."

"Have a nice day, Daddy." I waved him off as he entered Blackwell Academy. He was in teacher mode now. Confident gait and charming smile in place. His class was going to be annoying.

"Well off to see my second favorite person." I made my way to the dorms, boots clicking on the pavement.

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Right as I entered the dorms I bumped into Warren. Lucky for him he

managed to dodge the door. IT would have been sad for him to be sporting a broken nose to class.

"Hey Ms. Slytherin, no need to smash my face in this early." Warren's smile made my lips involuntarily pull up.

"Sorry, I just thought I'd help you get that bad boy look to spruce up your face." I couldn't help but tease him back.

He always managed to make me seem even more geeky from his constant jokes about my "Harry Potter" collectibles. Sure enough when winter rolls around I'll be sporting my green scarf and Hogwarts sweater. My satchel was the only item I constantly used throughout the seasons. That snake image just fascinates me. Warren thinks I'm wrongly in love with the Slytherin. According to Headmaster Warren I'm supposed to be pro Ravenclaw. He just says that cause I manage to keep up with his grades.

"Ouch, that's harsh. I thought girls liked the cute look anyway." Warren did his own impression of a pout. He really was a cute guy.

"Not teenage girls. But I'm sure you'll get your chance, you're adorable enough." Warren was one of the few people I bantered with like this. He's just easy to talk with. Too bad I was one of those teenagers that didn't care for the cute guy.

"You bet. I guess I don't need to report you for being in the boy's dorms since you said that nice bit about me."

"I bet you wouldn't be saying that if Ms. Caulfield was here instead."

"Hey now, a guy can dream big right?" In typical Warren fashion anything relating to the timid doe made his entire visage light up. It's a shame his crush was so obvious to everyone but the girl in question. Love is strange like that.

"Sure you can. Now out of my way Graham cracker." Warren laughed at me. I heard him shouting he'd save my seat in class as he went out the door.

Luckily no one else was in the hallway so I made my way to room 111. Standing outside the door, I took a quick glance at the slate board. Surprisingly it was blank. Usually there was some haughty phrase on it to make Nathan seem more intimidating. To me they only made me laugh. If only these vapid students could see past exteriors. Feeling devious I took the marker. Nathan will flip when he sees the message. Done, I repeatedly knocked on his door. It took four knocks for the bastard to finally swing the door open. The force of the swing made a nice breeze.

"What the fuck! Can't you see I want to be left alone!" The venom in his voice dropped when he realized it was me. "Oh shit. It's you." He opened the door for me to come in. He's just so charming.

Nathan's temperamental episodes kept most the student body away from. His moods were just too unpredictable so nobody bothered. I was the opposite. If anything it just pulled me in more. I never knew what to predict from this walking whirlwind, but I'd learned how to deal with

his bipolar moods. Everyone was scared of a person who was mentally ill. They're scared of the wrong person.

"Wow Prescott, that's quite the package." I let my gaze lower towards his boxers as I walked past him. I was close enough that I felt him twitch.

"Stop gawking, you horny freak!" He slammed the door shut. The tips of his ear are red like his boxers.

"You shouldn't have your junk out in the open then. Flashing someone means they're going to look." I tossed my bag onto the floor. I needed to open his blinds.

"Pshhâ€¦You like looking at meâ€¦Fucking stalker bitch." He moved my bag next to his couch and returned to his bed.

Nathan liked keeping his room dark, but he gave up trying to stop me from opening the blinds. The first time I'd done it I had to listen to his bitch fit for an hour. Satisfied, I took my usual place on his couch. He'd taken photos of me draped across it a few times before. It was strange having someone else take photos of me.

"Hey, were you masturbating?" My abrupt question made Nathan tense up. Here comes the rage. He looked nice lounging on his bed half nude.

"Fuck you Clarissa! Like I'd be doing that in the morning." His heated glare lacked any real aggression. Still his response proves me right. I'd interrupted his private time. Poor sexually frustrated Nathan Prescott.

"Obviously that's what you want otherwise you wouldn't have a boner." He still had one too. Boys and the their hormones.

Nathan stalked up to me slamming his palms on down on both sides of my head. He leaned in until our noses were touching. Some his brown hair dangled from his forehead. His eyes are so clear. His blue reflects my brown. The warm heat from his bare chest made my pulse quicken. I wanted to stop breathing and make this moment stop. I couldn't be happier seeing him look so intensely at me. I'm just as bad as him. Damn hormones.

"And what's stopping me from doing that right now?" His voice was a breathy whisper. I shuddered.

"Nothing." His lips were getting closer. He closed his eyes. Right before he kissed me I shifted away. I felt those lips on my cheek. It tingled. Who needs drugs when I get a high from Nathan.

"Except you smell like drugs and alcohol. I don't like that smell." Nathan growled and tried kissing me again. I covered his mouth with my hand. Frustrated with me Nathan bit my finger. I grouchyly retracted my finger.

"You're such a bitch sometimes." He stood up. I managed to slap his ass in retaliation. He just smirked at me.

"And you're a dick, you rich prick." I sucked on the bite mark to alleviate the pain. He only nipped me so no skin was broken. "But I

like you anyway." That's an understatement. My feelings went deeper than that.

Nathan got his bathroom stuff together. He used expensive supplies that caused him to take as long a girl in the shower. At least he always smelled good unless he'd been messing around with his drugs. Knowing I'd be waiting for at least thirty minutes I pulled my iPod out.

"Yeah, only you'd like a sick fuck like me." Nathan left before I could respond to him.

If I hadn't been on my iPod I could have seen that scarce expression of vulnerability. I missed out on capturing something beautiful from him. Too bad he dipped. He did that on purpose so I wouldn't see him crack. All that anger of his is just bravado. Oh Nathanâ€¦

Settling on a song, I stopped thinking about Nathan Prescott. The earbuds cleared my mind with music. I had another person I had to check on today. Another prospective. Kate Marsh had closed herself off from her friends and classmates. It was unlike the good little Christian.

"She's been in the dark." As a concerned friend I needed to look out for her. It was expected of me. I pushed the clasp on my locket. My favorite memory was locked in time.

"I'm overcome in this war of hearts." I sung along to Ruelle's song.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

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"You're singing sucks." Nathan's rude comment made stop. Well there goes my plan to serenade him.

"Well you bit me." I mock glared at him. "This is your punishment." Nathan scoffed at me.

Compared to what he's used to my version of punishment is child's play. Although he has an interesting form of punishment that he uses for me when he's not being an ass by screaming or insulting me. Not that I really mind the shouting. He reminds me of a yipping dog when he gets like that. I told him that once and he completely mellowed out and told me he hated dogs. Weird seeing as dogs are usually an accompaniment to rich old man. I bet his dad has a secret lab where he breeds mutant dogs.

"What a dumb punishment. I'll show you a real one tonight." His eyes drifted from me. I ignored his sexual comment.

We were together on his bed. He was leaning against the wall while my head was laying on his legs. Occasionally his leg would spasm. After the princess returned from his long shower he demanded I come relax with him. His thumb was tracing circles on my stomach. I went back to browsing music on my iPod. It's quiet.

"So what's on your mind? Your text said you needed to see me." I shut the iPod off and focused on Nathan. Waiting for him to get serious would get me nowhere. Here, alone in his room, Nathan liked to forget about the world. I don't blame. Our lives are crazy.

"What, I can't see my girl wheneverthefuck I want." Nathan ran his finger over my lip. His smile was soft yet his eyes were unfocused on me.

"Flattering me isn't going to deter my questioning but keep trying." I kissed his finger. "Tell me what's wrong." While affection wouldn't distract me it worked wonders on Nathan. Kisses always turned him mushy.

"I got something." He looked away from me again. He's nervous.

"That's extremely vague. What did you get?" I held his hand and placed light kisses on each of his fingers. Nathan hummed from the attention.

"A gun." I immediately sat up. He wouldn't meet my gaze.

"Nathan." He still wouldn't look at me.

Sighing, I tenderly clutched his chin to make him look at me. His blue met my brown. He's such a beautiful boy when he's like this. Nervous and unsure. It's easy to forget how fragile he is when he's shouting and screaming most of the time. He just needs someone to care about him.

"Why do you feel the need to have a gun Nathan.?"

"Because shit's getting crazy." His answers just keep getting vaguer. What isn't he telling me.

"Nathan, I know you're feeling stressed after the last Vortex Partyâ€|" He tried to turn away again. I strengthened my grip. He didn't resist. "But carrying around a gun is serious business."

Nathan getting into fights is a common occurrence. Said fights were more often than not screaming matches. Nobody really messed with him when they knew his father could destroy their lives at the snap of a finger. I'd never even seen him in a fist fight yet. So for him to outright buy a gun meant that he's spooked hard about something. I need to fix this.

"I need it. I don't plan on shooting anybodyâ€|I just need it forâ€|" His vulnerable expression is too much for me.

"If it makes you feel secure then I won't say anything." I won't push him for info he's not comfortable telling me. "Just be careful with it." I let go of his chin and held his hands instead. I rubbed soothing circles on his palms. I'll keep him safe.

"Yeah I got it. I don't need you busting my ass about it. And I don't need your pity either. I'm no bitch." He snatched his hand out of mine to fix his hair.

Asshole. I try to comfort him and he snarls at me. I'm the girl, I'm the one whose supposed to be hot and cold all the time not him. He must have guessed my train of thought from my growing scowl. He jerked me towards him. My cheek smashed into his chest. His arms enveloped me and his head fell on top of mine. I can feel him breathing and hear his heart beating. I feel so cozy. Nice save Nathan.

"So is that it Nathan?" I loosely wrapped my arm around him too. His cologne smelled like the ocean breeze.

The possession of a gun couldn't be the real reason he's stressed about today. Still it concerns me why he needs one. Though I have a hunch why he bought it...I won't let it come to that. That mess up at the last Vortex Party wasn't anything major. I handled it.

"I got a note from this dumb whore. Telling me to meet her todayâ€¦Like she fucking owns me." His leg started to spasm again. All that medication he took was a load of bull. Why would his father think medicating his son would solve his problems.

"That blue haired bitch thinks she can blackmail me." Nathan left our embrace. He seized his favorite red jacket and dug in its inner pockets. "I'll show her not to fuck with a Prescott!" He tightly clutched the gun. The reflective silver of the firearm glinted.

It's really not a good idea for him to have that on him but I have a feeling he's going to need it. What to do. I know if dad was here he'd tell Nathan to get rid of it. Nathan's too quick to anger. This intimidation plan he's got going might get out of hand. What should I do?

"So who is this girl?" If it gets out of hand, I can fix it. I will fix it.

"Just some desperate bitch." Nathan returned the gun to its hiding place and put his jacket on. His answer irked me for some reason.

"Well I hope you didn't fuck her and now she's trying to get back at you." I didn't mean to sound like a jealous school girl but my petty side came out. Certain things I still slip up with. If dad heard me he'd chastise me for acting like a lovesick teenager.

"No. I don't fuck with punks." He didn't seem phased at all that I asked him that.

"That the only reason?" My voice got a little more spiteful. I'm sure if I took my glasses off my facial expression would match dad's when he's in a mood.

"Come on. Why would I fuck some dyke when I've got my own sexy bitch right here." His honest smile compelled me to come off my bitch fest. Another nice save, but he's still a dick prick.

"Nathan I'd kiss you, but you constantly calling me a bitch is a major turn off." I slid to the end of the bed and put my boots back on.

"Stop acting like it bothers you. You know you get hot for whatever I say." Nathan came back to me. Suddenly his scorching lips were on me.

Shit. My heart is thumping like crazy.

His lips were fiercely attacking mine. My hands gripped his hair. I wanted him closer. Nathan leaned down. His hands pulled my waist to his. We were pressed against each other. Oh Nathan. His rough kisses were sending sparks throughout my body. How can he make me feel like this. I heard Nathan's fevered groan. He's as overcome as I am from these feelings. His kisses move from my lips to my neck. His wet butterfly kisses make me giggle. I feel his childish smile on my neck as he continues his efforts. I nibble on his ear in return. I hear a deep groan from him again. His lower half grinds into mine as his hands move to hold my rear. He's hard again. Our lips meet in a rushed rhythm matching our rapid heartbeats. It's getting so hot. Nathan. Nathan. Nathan

Our passionate moment in time is interrupted by the obnoxious buzzing of his phone. Fuck whoever is calling him to the underworld and beyond. They ruined a perfectly sexy moment.

Nathan makes some animalistic noise and get ups to check the phone. He quickly silences it after seeing the caller id.

"Fucking cockblocking Hayden" Shit class is going to start soon." Nathan angrily fixed his hair back in place. "Got damn it! I'm too riled up for this shit." Nathan turned away from me to adjust his pants. This time I actually felt bad about his hard on. I'm just as disappointed as him.

"I guess we gotta get going then." My words were breathy since I was still panting from our make out session. I wanted to stay here, stay in our hazy bubble. I want to keep feeling that warm tingle that only Nathan causes in me. I'm intoxicated with him.

Nathan looked extremely pissed but he started grabbing some of his stuff and jamming it in my bag. He didn't care about his classes enough to do most of the work. What was the point when the teachers were just going lie about his grades to please his father. What little work he did do in class he crammed in my bag so he didn't have to carry one. Still he ended up carrying my bag for me so I don't complain. Plus it gives me an excuse to see him in between classes. Not that I need one. Nathan can be cute like any other guy sometimes.

"I guess we're both going to be on edge for first period now."

"Whatthefuckever. Let's just get this fucking day over with." I held out my hand for him and he effortlessly pulled me up. He kept my hand tightly grasped in his. His firm grip didn't bother me. I feel grounded from his consuming need to keep physical contact with me. I feel safe with his affection. I don't have to worry about him turning away from me.

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Warren nudged my shoulder. I saw him pass a sheet of paper to me. I

guess our science lecture isn't stimulating enough for him if he's passing notes. Though Warren is a genius so he gets bored easily.

"_I just got a sweet new ride! I'm wondering how I should celebrate. Got any ideas?"_ I rolled my eyes after I read it. Warren not having any ideas is total bullshit. He's always got a scheme up his sleeve to get a girl. The skirt chaser. Or I should say jean chaser since miss-doe-eyes only wears jeans and t-shirts. She really needs a wardrobe change.

"_Stop beating around the bush. I know you're just fishing for girl advice."_ I passed the sheet back when Ms. Grant looked at the other side of the classroom. No need to have her firing questions at me. From the sound of it though she had gone off on a tangent about the environment. Great, her winded speech about saving the Earth would take up the rest of the class. Ten minutes to go. I played with the clicker of my pen while Warren finished writing.

"_You got me Detective Jefferson. I'm thinking about asking Max to go see a movie at the drive in with me. I think it'll be the perfect chance for me to tell her how I feel. Good or bad idea?"_ I grinned at his answer. Warren would be an awesomely romantic boyfriend if he ever got the chance. Max would be lucky to have him. Now if only Nathan could be a little more like him. I wouldn't mind going to the drive-in with him and then a nice dinner. I wonder what Nathan would look like in a tux. Hold on, I'm getting distracted.

"_I think you're old fashioned. How did you even find something like that?â€|Prepare yourself for bad newsâ€|Considering how shy Max is, I don't think you should ask. A drive-in is a very intimate setting. You'll be all alone in a car and the atmosphere will be more on the romantic side. Max is definitely going to feel awkward in that situation. Especially since she's basically friend zoned you for eternity. Try something more chill to get her attention."_ I finished that long response with a heart and smiley face to show I meant no harm.

Better to let him down gently from the get go and not get his hopes up. As his friend I have to give him my honest opinion regardless of how I feel about Maxine Caulfield.

"_You're probably right. I just, really want her to know how much I care about herâ€|But it never hurts to tryâ€|One of these days she'll fall for my charm. Then we'll knock you and Nathan off your throne as the 'It' couple of the school. Jeffscott will be replaced with Grahamfield."_ I love that Warren doesn't let things dampen his mood. It's hard to find optimistic people nowadays.

"_I'm sure she will. Sorry if my advice came off as mean. I don't want to lose my favorite lab partnerâ€|On a side note Jeffscott is amazing. I'm totally getting a sticker for that. I don't know about Grahamfield though. We might need to work on that."_ Warren playfully nudged me after he read the note.

The bell rang before he got a chance to write back. Kids were already starting to rush out of class. Ms. Grant was doing her best to remind everybody to study for the upcoming test.

"Come on, I'm not going to get mad for you being honest with me.

That's what my best gal friend is for." Warren pulled me in for a one arm hug. "Besides you're the only one in class who isn't bothered by my experimental explosions." I laughed with him. He really is accident prone too when he's playing the mad scientist gig.

"Alright I'll catch you later Grahamfield."

"See! It'll catch on. Watch your back Jeffscott we're coming for your throne." I left Warren after promising to text him later. Dealing with him made me feel almost normal.

Avoiding the throng of students pilling around, I made it to my locker. I had a picture of me and Nathan chilling at a party inside. It was one of the few times he was sober at a gathering. I remember he gave me his jacket cause it was too cold for the bold red dress I wore. Everyone thought it was cute we wore matching colors. Those days seem so far away.

"Hey Clarissa!" I slammed my locker shut. Someone had placed their offensive polished hand on my shoulder. I vehemently hated being touched by girls that tried to play the 'friendly' card on me. Transparent whores.

As I turned around I disregarded my raging thoughts of disgust. My perfect smile was in place. I wasn't allowed to show my true colors at school. Seeing who it was made my mood plummet.

"So, Victoria wanted to know if you wanted to like, hang with us after school. You know, we could totally go chill at the mall or something." Taylor was twirling her bleached blonde hair around her finger. She's no puppeteer. Courtney was right beside her trying to upsell the idea to me. She's like a parrot.

Victoria being the ass-kisser that she is always tried to get me to be apart of her posse. She's the epitome of those girls that try to get to my dad through me. Having me as her accessory would giver unlimited access to him. Like I'd ever let that happen. No matter how many times I turned down her offers of friendship, she kept pushing. I could handle being cordial to her in public, but having to keep that charade up in my free time was just pushing it. Her minions were no better either. They wanted an in with my dad and since they were had shit skills at photography and no real popularity, Victoria was their best chance. Sucks for them. They're on my shit list for life. Only reason I even bother with this particular group of harpies is because of Nathan. He had asked me to try to get along with Victoria.

Speaking of Nathan I could see him swiftly moving through the hallway. He didn't even bother stopping to talk to me as he passed my locker. Strange, he made it a point to show up by my side during school if he had a chance. He claimed the visits were to reinforce to the whole school that I belonged to him. We both have jealousy issues. Though in Nathan's defense there have been a couple of brainless guys that have asked me out in front of him. I loved seeing him get mad those times. It saved me the trouble of having to play the mortified girlfriend.

"Sorry girls, but I need to catch up with my beau. I'll get back to you on that offer." I slid passed Taylor. I would pointedly avoid the Chase group for the rest of the day. Empty-headed bottom

feeders.

"You got it girl! We'll hunt you down later." Taylor shouted over the racket of gossiping teenagers.

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I lost had sight of Nathan in the crowd. I hurried down the end of the hallway and caught sight of the familiar red of his jacket. Why had he gone into the girl's bathroom? Is this where he's going to meet that girl. Slightly nudging the door open I heard Nathan's frantic voice.

"It's cool, Nathan. Don't stressâ€¦You're okay, bro. Just count to threeâ€¦" It sounds like he's about to have another episode. Slowly, I opened the door so as to not startle him.

"Don't be scaredâ€¦You own this schoolâ€¦If I wanted, I could blow it upâ€¦.You're the Boss." Nathan was staring into the sink and didn't notice my silent approach.

"Nathan." My quiet voice shocked him.

He couldn't hide the sheer panic in his eyes. God, he's more stressed than I thought. Maybe I should try to talk to that girl instead.

"Ris! Whatthefuck! Get out ofâ€¦" Nathan's rushed words were cut off by the rough swing of the door. Great, could you be more obvious, dipshit.

The cause of the disturbance was a girl with an alarming shade of hair. I don't recognize her but something about her unnerves me. That bright blue hair and punk getup must make her the one who sent the note to Nathan.

"So what do you want?" Nathan went back to staring at the sink. His voice was on the borderline of calm and turbulent. I placed my hand on his back. I needed to keep him in check. This could go south real quick.

The girl gave me a once over. Deciding I wasn't a threat for the moment she started checking each of the stalls. Looking for witnesses? She should've picked a place outside of the school if she wanted secrecy.

"Oh sorry, did I fuck up your quickie? I hope you checked the perimeter, as my step-ass would say." Really? This idiotic punk was making crude jokes. Could she not see how tense this situation was. I don't know if she's reckless or just blind. "Now, let's talk bidness."

"I got nothing for you." His knuckles were white from his harsh grip on the sink. I decided to just let this play out. As long as Nathan stayed in control I wouldn't add fuel to the fire.

"Wrong. You got hella cash, sugar daddy. I'm sure your latest hook up can attest to that." The blue punk rounded back and rudely pointed at me. What the fuck is with her unsolicited attacks, I'm not even talking.

I'm moments away from punching this bitch in the throat. Stop. I need to cool down. If I get upset too than this'll get out of control.

"That's my family, not me. And leave her out of this, whore." I patted Nathan on the back for his defense of me. He's doing really well at keeping his cool. She's practically asking for trouble and she's making me want to give to her.

Seeing she couldn't get a rise out of either of us, she marched up to Nathan and got in his space.

"Oh boo hoo! Poor little rich kid trying to play hero." Her aggressive approach to Nathan made me roughly shove her back. She's really touching a nerve with me and I don't even know what went down between her and Nathan. I shouldn't be getting this upset over high school drama. Fuck these teenage hormones.

"Step off blue." She slapped my hands off her.

"Hey! Stay out of this. This is between me and this asshole."

"Hard to stay out of it when you keep insulting me." A cat fight would have started but she shoved me back away from her with enough force to knock me to the ground. This girl had serious balls. My glasses went tumbling to the ground.

"I know you've been pumpin' drugs n'shit to kids around here!" She ganged up on Nathan again, preventing him from helping me up. "I bet your respectable family would help me out if I went to them." Her voice got more spiteful as she kept talking. "Man, I see the headlines nowâ€|" She paused to let that threat sink in.

"Leave them out of this, bitch!" He shouted at her, but that only seemed to egg her on more.

"I can tell everybody Nathan Prescott is a punk ass who begs like a little girl and talks to himself." This time she shoved Nathan back to prove her point. This girl just fucked herself over. There's no way Nathan's going to let that slide.

I saw the change in Nathan's posture. His body was convulsing again. He violently reached into his jacket. Oh shit. He's going straight for the gun. Why couldn't he just hit her or something. She had a slap coming, but not a gunshot wound.

I stood up trying to stop Nathan from pulling the gun out, but he just pushed me away. What is with the shoving?

"You don't know who the fuck I am or who you're messing around with!" Nathan whipped the gun out. The girl completely dropped her tough girl act. She fearfully backs up into the wall as Nathan forces her back with the barrel of the gun aimed at her skull insignia.

How poetic. She's wearing a symbol for death and here she is on the brink of death's door.

I can't let something like this happen. It'll fuck everything up.

"Where'd you get that? What are you doing?" She was squirming against Nathan's dangerous hold on her. "Come on, put that thing down. Hey! Help me out here!" She sent a pleading look through her crystal eyes to me. It's funny how easily people can be broken when you put them in a desperate situation.

"Nathan, please stop. Shooting her is not going to fix whatever happened between you two." I slowly edged back towards him. I kept my hands out, ready to reach for his arm. If I can pull his arm away and his muscles happen to twitch the shot will miss or maybe just scrap her.

I promised dad I wouldn't cause anymore trouble for him. If Nathan shoots her we're going to be in deep shit with the wrong people.

"Don't EVER tell me what to do. I am so SICK of people trying to control me!" I don't know who that shout was directed at, but Nathan only pressed the gun harder against her stomach.

"Nathan please, please listen to me!" That dumbass punk cut me off.

"You are going to get in hella trouble for this than drugs!" She went back to the tough act.

What's wrong with this crazy bitch! Can't she see I'm trying to calm him down. Antagonizing him isn't going to make him lower the gun. So why is she undermining my efforts. Does she want to fucking die?

"Nobody would miss your 'punk ass', would they?" She flinched from the accusation. Was that self-loathing I saw. It didn't last for long. Fed up with her helplessness, she shoved him. Again with the fucking shoving.

"Get that gun away from me, psycho!" Her final cry made me race towards Nathan. Why did she do that!

It all happened too fast for me. Just like I feared Nathan's hand twitched. The loud bang of the gun echoed endlessly in my ear. The girl fell to the ground. I swear I felt the whole ground shake.

Oh god, she's bleeding out. My legs wouldn't move.

"No, please! God, no! Ris, help me!" Nathan fell down and hopelessly shook her body. She didn't respond. Her glazed eyes are vindictively staring at me. How could I let this happen.

"Ris!" I came out of my stupor. Nathan is crying. He needs my help.

I knelt next to him and tried using my hands to put pressure on the wound. Maybe I could still fix this. I just needed to stop the bleeding.

"There's so much blood." My choked sob made me want to vomit. She's still lifelessly staring at me. Nathan started having a hysterical break down.

"I-I didn't mean to Risâ€¦|You just kept pushing me. Everybody is always pushing me." He's quivering from the force of his tears.

I keep trying to stop the blood flow. Fuck it's so warm and gushy. I feel the bile creeping up my throat. I want to close her eyes.

"N-Nathan calm down. I-I can fix thisâ€¦|I'll get Daddy." I gave up trying to stop the bleeding. It just keeps coming out. She's dead. She's fucking dead.

I tried to comfort Nathan instead. He jumped away from me. I followed his gaze to my bloody hands. The sight made me dry heave and Nathan let out another string of salty tears. I savagely tried rubbing it on my dress. I felt as unclean as the white fabric.

"Sorryâ€¦|" I don't know who he's apologizing to at this point. "I'm so, so sorryâ€¦|" Nathan completely curled up into himself. "My life is hell. And I'm so busted." I couldn't find the words to console him. I can't fix this.

Fuck, fuck, fuck,fuck, fuckkkkkkkkk. This is the worst fucking day ever. We're so fuckeddddd

Dad is going to kill us.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

This chapter was really starting to get long so I cut it in half. I know the story may seem like it's moving slow, but I plan on this story being a slow build. Life is Strange was a video game focused on characterization and I want to reflect that in my story.

Thanks to my readers for the reviews and continued support. Saber007 greatly appreciates it.

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ReverseReverseReverseReverseReverseReverseReverseReverse.

The sensation of being pulled overwhelmed me. I could hear things around me, but I couldn't make out any of the sounds. My body feels like it's on autopilot. I feel sick.

I jerked back into focus from the nudge to my arm. My eyes opened to see that I'm back in Ms. Grant's classroom. She's lecturing and Warren just passed me a sheet of paper.

What the fuck. This shit already happened. Why am Iâ€¦|Oh shit! Someone's fucking with timeâ€¦|.Okay, calm down. If this is really happening I need to play this out exactly how it went before. Play it cool.

Warren and I passed notes again. Ms. Grant lectured about keeping the environment clean. This oppressive sense of deja vu is really making

me uncomfortable. I can feel my lungs getting agitated from my mini panic attack.

The bell rang faster than I remember it did. I need to leave. I quickly told Warren I wasn't feeling well and needed to go to the bathroom. I assured him I didn't need his help. I don't have time to chat with Warren. If I hurry I can intercept Nathan and keep him from making the same mistake. I have to look out for him.

My rapid movements made my head spin. No. No. No. Please not now. Against my will I collapsed into the desk next to me.

The world is spinning. A strong pressure builds up in my chest and continues upward. I try to stand back up but the effort just makes me fall to the floor.

My lungs are on FIRE!

The coughs won't stop. I can vaguely hear Warren screaming my name. I try to ignore the pain. I just need to reach my bag. Reach. Reachâ€¦ I can't lift my hand. I need my inhaler! Warren doesn't know what to do, he's never seen something like this happen to me before. He picks my bag up and dumps it out.

No, Warren it's in the zipper part. Ms. Grant runs out the room while Warren desperately keeps looking through my stuff for my medicine. It's in the zipper part.

It HURTS! Fuck it hurts so much. The inhaler is right next to me and I can't do anything.

Nathan. Nathan is going to make it to the bathroom and I won't be there. Fucking stop coughing Clarissa! I need to helpâ€¦

The hacks tore through my body. My heart is constricting. It's no use. The world started getting blacker. Warren's panicked face was joined by curious classmates. The assholes were snapping pics and recording me instead of trying to help me. This must be divine karma for me to die like this. Everyone's faces are getting fuzzy. I can see black dots entering my vision. This is such a painful way to die. I deserve this. People like me deserve death.

At least there is this strong scent of cologne filling my nose. It smells good.

"Clarissaâ€¦ Sweetheart, it's going to be okay." Oh, the grim reaper sounds like my dad. I'm not ready to die yet. Dadâ€¦

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"Mr. Jefferson this is the third time she's had a severe asthma attack like thisâ€¦ I really need to insist you take her to the hospital for a check-up." I know this voice. She's the school nurse. How did I end up in the nurse's office?

"I would, but Clarissa is adamant on not setting foot in any kind of medical facilityâ€¦ I don't have the heart to push her. She swears it's just stress that's causing these attacks." Dad's here too. Something bad must have triggered my panic attack.

"I know why Clarissa hates hospitalsâ€¦|But her health is more important than her phobia. You have the most influence on your daughter, try to convince her to go." I'm such an awful child. I promised dad I wouldn't cause trouble. I hope he isn't mad.

"I'll take your advice to heart, Ms. Barenchi. Thanks again for staying and looking at Clarissa." His voice doesn't sound upset. He actually sounds tired.

"Not a problem. No fire alarm is going to keep me from doing my job. I'll just leave you two alone now."

I heard a door open and close. The clicks of dad's shoe got louder as he neared me. Something scraped against the floor and made a loud screech. He must have gotten a chair. A slight weight settled on my forehead. I could feel my hair being pushed out of my face. This reminds me of when I was younger and dad would come sit next to me. He'd watch me sleep and comb through my hair. No matter how deeply I was asleep I'd always wake up soon after. My glasses are gone.

"Clarissa you can stop pretending to be asleep." He continued stroking my hair.

My eyes fluttered open. The day's events suddenly came back to me.

I've relived this morning twice. I saw Nathan shoot someone. My hands were covered in someone else's blood. I didn't know what to do. Nathan was crying. He was crying and I couldn't help him.

"Clarissa calm down! You're going to have another attack if you keep working yourself up." Dad's hand slid from my hair to my cheek. I locked gazes with him. Where are my glasses?

My lungs are burning again. Wasn't once enough for today.

"You teenagers never listen. Here, your inhaler you stubborn mule." I kept my attention on his sardonic smile. He'd dealt with this too many times to overreact anymore. Dad put the inhaler in my mouth. I bit down as the spray filled my lungs. Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Breathe out.

"Nathanâ€¦|" The name came out as a croak from me. I need some water. Dad's serenity switched to plain irritation as he handed me a bottle of water from the table. I gulped down the entire thing in a matter of seconds. Screw this weak piece of shit body.

"Nathan, Nathan, Nathan. If I didn't know any better I'd get envious over the fact your last and first breathes were spent calling for him instead your dear old dad." His mocking smile got even bigger. He knew no boy would take his place in my eyes.

Some color made its way to my cheeks. Dad never hid his obvious dislike of Nathan from me. Instead of protesting against my involvement with him he chose to poke fun at me to display his displeasure. It's sad. He used to have a soft spot for Nathan.

"Daddyâ€¦|Something unexpected happened today. Could you tell me what went on at school after I blacked out?" I need to get this over with now before I chicken out. I need to keep our best interests in mind. We are all the other has. That's always been our lives.

I have to tell him about Nathan.

Sensing my change in mood, dad bent forward so he could hold my hand. He's readying himself for another one my episodes. It's just like how I deal with Nathan. How fucked up am I that I'm so much like my father.

"Well it was complete madness because the fire alarm went off after you had your attack. Ms. Grant came and got me. Then I rushed you over to the nurse's office. Let me tell you it was a real hurdle carrying you against a swarm of students rushing to get outside...These attacks are frequently occurring despite your new medication." Dad held my hand tighter as his voice lowered to a whisper.

"Clarissaâ€¦|Who, or what triggered your asthma." Such a simple question. I have a partial answer. Yet, my mouth has gone dry. The words don't want to come out. I don't want to get Nathan in trouble. He already has it so bad and no one looks out for him. I'm his girlfriend I'm not supposed to screw him over but if it's between him and my dad, the choice is clear.

Deep breathes, Clarissa. Deep breathes.

"I saw Nathan shoot a girl in the bathroom. H-He was pushed, it was an accident. I tried to stop itâ€¦|" I stopped myself before I could start rambling. "But I don't know what he's done now. I blacked out before I made it to the bathroom." The culminating fury in dad's eyes dismayed me. No matter how mad he gets, he wouldn't hurt Nathan, right? He cares about Nathan despite them being on the rocks at the moment. He wouldn't hurt someone important to me would he? I feel shame creeping its way into my system.

"No such thing happened today. I would have been called in for an emergency meeting and Madsen would be having a field day." Dad stood up and turned away from me. From the quick clicking sounds coming from him, I can assume he's texting. "It looks like we have another anomaly on our hands. This is too soon. We didn't expect this...I'll have to be careful." He started mumbling to himself as he continued texting.

"Daddy, someone rewind time. I felt it. I experienced the morning class over twice. I don't know who caused it thoughâ€¦|" I fiddled with the ends of my dress. My dress is still pristine white, there's no splashes of blood on it. "The only people in the bathroom were me, Nathan, and the girl he was meeting." That disgusting feeling of guilt re-emerged as I continued talking about Nathan. Stop bothering me you stupid conscience. I'll redirect his attention to the new human time machine so he won't go hunting my boyfriend. Happy now conscience?

"Well we can rule Nathan and you out for obvious reasonsâ€¦|That just leaves the girl, but a corpse can't turn back time. Do you at least know who she is?" He glanced back at me.

"I don't know her. I've never seen her at this school. She's got blue hair and dresses like a punk hipster. She tried to blackmail Nathan into giving her money." Seeing as the shooting didn't take place I'll need to find her and keep her off Nathan. A junkie like her isn't going to give up on getting rich quick.

"I'll leave dealing with Nathan to you. I'm in no mood to babysit him." He put the phone back in his pocket. "Come on, I need to go finish grading some more papers If I want to keep my jobâ€¦We'll continue this discussion later."

"Of course Daddy." I dutifully followed him out. "There's no greater evil than crappy reports written by inexperienced photographers."

"You have no idea how shitty some of these papers are. I'd rather claw my eyes out than keep dealing with some of these students that clearly don't belong in my classes."

"That's some serious salt for someone who teaches for a living. Especially since you need your eyes for your job."

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"_Hey time bomb where are you?! We gotta talk ASAP!"_ I shot Nathan a text since he's not answering his phone. I've got no idea where he is and no one's seen the angry brunette. I continued on my way to the dorms. I said hi to few people. Hayden was chilling out with his harem. Evan was working on his portfolio. I even stopped to thank Ms. Grant getting my father for me. I agreed to sign her petition against additional surveillance too. More cameras would make my job harder so I had no problem signing it.

I tired calling his phone again. It went to voicemail. I almost don't want him to answer. He's not guilty of doing anything. Time was reversed so he never killed anybody. Nevertheless I still feel horrible for snitching on him. Snitches get stitches as he says.

"I want to be honest with him, even if it means he'll hate me." Unconsciously I had pulled up a photo of Nathan. He's winking at me in the shot. We had gone to the beach and ended up drinking a whole pack of beer. I dared him to go skinny dipping. He ended up doing it and dragged me in with him. Man that was some fun shit.

"Are you talking about Nathan?" The unexpected voice made me jump.

"What the fuck, Max!" The exclamation caused said girl to flinch. If the nosy little doe doesn't like my language she shouldn't walk up on me like that.

"My bad, I didn't mean to freak you out. Just wanted to check if you're okay. You looked stressed." She lowered her gaze and fidgeted.

Geez, I hate dealing with her almost as much as Victoria. Both have confidence issues. Except this one has no self-assurance and likes to blend into the wall. She's got some things going for her. She's cute and a geek. She's got some skills with photography. All in all, she's

a plain-jane. I don't think she's anything special, but dad's fixated on her for some reason. For that reason alone I detest her.

"Max, it's okay. You don't deserve to be cussed at. I'm just caught up worrying about Nathan. Having a boyfriend can be both a blessing and a curse." I smiled and patted her shoulder to make her feel better. Kindness always reassures people. Even if it's fake.

"I bet. Nathan Prescott can be a jerk. I don't know how you two ended up dating." Max looked off in the distance. Her eyes glazed over. "You're like a great person and he's dickbagtheasshole."

Now this is something. Maxine shows her claws. She has never blatantly insulted Nathan to my face. She's always tip toed around the subject. If her insult wasn't aimed at him I'd laugh for creativity. What prompted this change. I'm almost turned on.

"You're not the first to say this." I shrugged to cover up how irritated I am to hear her shit talk him. "I swear, everyone has a bad opinion of him. If you all would look past his front you'd see how harmless and beautiful he is. 'Dickbagtheasshole' has a heart of gold. If you're willing to look for it."

"I really wish I hadn't said that. I totally don't know what came over me. I'm sorry Clarissa. I'm having a shit day so far."

"Max chill. I don't expect you to like Nathan just cause we're friends. I don't like Victoria and she's his best budâ€¦" There goes my petty green monster. "Just try to lay off on the insults."

"It won't happen again. I'll see you later Clarissa, I've got to get this flash drive for Warren."

"Off you go then. Don't keep your prince charming waiting." We waved bye to each other and went our separate ways.

There are two people I still need to chat with. Kate and Dana. Both of them have major drama going on in their lives and asked to talk to me. Kate has that viral video of her whoring herself out to worry about. I'm surprised she's opening up to me first seeing as she and Max are closer. I guess I'm her only option since I was at the party with her. She's more than likely too embarrassed to talk to Max about it. Dana on the other hand has a teenage pregnancy scandal to keep under wraps. Her plan of secrecy isn't going to last when she has a reporter for a friend and a pig for an ex. I had offered to go to the doctor with her, but Dana decided to go alone. So many people to deal with in a day. I'll handle the damage control while I wait for Nathan to respond. There's no point in me running around looking for him if he doesn't want to be found.

As I entered the girl's dorms I found Kate sitting on a bench. The leaves are falling around her. Her somber attire and posture make her look defeated. If this were one of those cartoons she draws, she'd have a cloud of rain pouring down on her.

Always take the shot.

As if I'm in a trance I reach into my bag. With my camera in hand I snap a shot of Kate's back. Later I'd look over it and make some adjustments to the lighting. I felt compelled to capture her moment

of weakness. I already missed a shot with Nathan. The flash of my camera caught Kate's attention.

"Clarissa, did you take a picture of me?" Kate's depressed hazel eyes met mine. She looks beautiful even when she's feeling horrible.

"Duh! I had to get your breathtaking magnificence on camera." I secured the camera back into its hiding place so Kate wouldn't feel uncomfortable. As I sat down beside her, Kate sent me a weak smile. It looked more like a grimace to me. Even smiling is difficult for her now.

"I'm not worth capturing. Don't waste the space."

Wow. She's really fucking depressed. Time for some shit-eating therapy sprinkled with poison. She's spiraling out of control and I have to push her over the edge.

"Kate, I know you feel like it's the end of the world because of the mishap at the party, but that nonsense will die down before you know it. You just had a little fun, like a normal girl. Nothing to be ashamed of. I'm sure you're not going to hell for kissing some guys. And nobody's going to even remember it was you pretty soon. After all teenage drama comes and goes. You just gotta be strong. Don't let some stupid bullying get to you. You're better than that, aren't you?" Kate bristled at the mention of the taboo subject. If she's going to get offended for me bringing it up the why did she want to talk about it in the first place.

"You have no idea what I'm going through. What everybody is saying about me. You can say all that because you didn't look out for me like you said you would. If you had been a real friend you would have stopped Nathan Prescott from spiking my drink or Victoria from taking that video. I should have never let you convince me to go. You're like the snake of Eden." Kate's eyes watered but she refused to cry.

Damn, she just compared me to the snake that tempts Eve. That's pretty harsh coming from a steadfast Christian like her. Sadly, that description fits more than she thinks.

"Hey now, you need to take it down a notch. I didn't mean for any of that to go down. I'm your friend I just wanted you to have a good time. But I'm really not appreciating the accusations you're making about Nathan. It's a Vortex Party for crying out loud, there's bound to be a bunch of drugs and alcohol going around. So don't blame Nathan for drugging you if you don't have proof. It could have been anybody. Nathan was being friendly to you for my sake when he brought you those drinks. As for Victoria, I'm not going to defend her. What she did was vile. So you need to get a backbone and take that up with her." I'm such a fucking liar and a detestable person. Amazingly no one had noticed our little spat or maybe they didn't care enough to notice.

Kate Marsh is a great person. She's sweet and smart. She is the definition of what a true Blackwell student is supposed to be. I actually didn't mind becoming friends with her. We bonded over our shared love of the violin. We would spend hours after school listening to Mozart or playing duets. I even recommended her to dad

to be his class assistant when I found out she was taking his class. I didn't realize I'd sealed her fate by doing that. The one girl I didn't want involved in all this.

Kate Marsh, I'm so sorryâ€|.

"How dare you. I can't believe you're saying this to me. You're the worst friend ever! You're as evil as everyone else in that wretched club. I bet you were in on his plan too and that's why you're defending him. I'm such a fool for trusting you." Kate's eyes got puffier but she furiously rubbed at her eyes to make the tears go away.

I have to play my partâ€|There's too much at stake.

"I came over here to try to cheer you up at your request Kate, but forget this. I don't need to deal with you blaming me for your problems. You can try your martyr act on someone else." I took in Kate's miserable face and wished I'd never gotten involved with her. This is another example of why I shouldn't get attached to the "prospective girls". It makes my job problematic. Emotions suck.

I left Kate to her misery.

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I whipped out my phone. Please pick up. Pick up. Pick up.

"Nathan why won't you answer your fucking phone?!" After hearing his voicemail, I lost it for a moment. My foot impacted with the wall. A back scuff mark adorned the wall.

"_Nathan I need to get to away. Life is getting too complicated. :(Please answer me."_ I sent another text and put the phone away. If I break my phone I won't be getting another.

I feel so exhausted already. I had only been talking to Kate for a few minutes. It feels like hours went by. I need someone. I need someone to make these feelings go away. Nathan won't answer me.

"Dana! Dana babe, can I come in?" My feet took me to my best friend's room. Our friendship is actually legit compared to my other false friendships.

I didn't have to wait long for Dana's auburn head to pop out of her room. She's gorgeous as expected for a cheerleader.

"My long lost ginger twin finally shows her face." Dana's bright smile lifts my spirit a bit.

People liked to make ginger jokes at the two of us since we have red hair. We both learned to take it in stride. Better to be a red head with no soul than a dumb blonde.

She let me in and we both lounge on her bed.

"So are you okay Clarissa? I heard you had an asthma attack and were rushed to the nurses office." Dana poked at my cheek.

"Yeah I'm fine no thanks to the asswipes who stood by and recorded me instead of helping. Glad to see I'm the daily entertainment." I swatted her hand away.

"That's messed up. Blackwell is really going downhill lately. I'm losing faith in the students. First they made that gross video of Kate and now they record you almost dying." Dana sadly shook her head in disbelief.

"It doesn't matter." I have no desire to talk about Kate. I tenderly poked at her stomach. "How did your appointment go?"

Dana cradled one of her pillows to her stomach. When Dana first told me she was pregnant I had been shocked. I knew she was messing around with Logan and that he was pressuring her for more, but I never imagined they would have sex. Even though Dana is stereotyped as the typical popular cheerleader, behind closed doors she's a conservative girl. She must have really wanted to make Logan happy. Too bad the bastard ditched her as soon as he found out she was pregnant. Dana told me he had come around and agreed to help her financially but that was it. That doesn't change the fact that Dana's been stressed and hurt from his actions.

"I..I took care of it." Dana hid her head behind the pillow. "It was a mistake Clarissa. I'm only 18. I can't be a momâ€¦|But I still feel like garbage. Did I do the right thing?" I could feel my fingers itching to take her picture.

Always take the shot.

I resisted. It wouldn't be appropriate. Instead I pulled her hairband out and combed through her hair. Whenever I had problems and needed someone to talk to, Dana would be there to listen and comfort me. I never had a mom to run to when I needed to cry. So I don't really know what to say or do for her. I can only console her the way I've been consoled.

"You did what you had to do Dana. Only you know what's best for you. There's no point in second guessing yourself." Dana shifted so she could lay in my lap. I continued combing through her hair. I wonder whose hair looks more red in the sun, mine or hers.

"If it's any consolation, I think you'd have been an awesome mom. And your kid would've had to deal with the repercussions of having a hot mama." Dana laughed at my absurd comment. Laughter heals all.

"God you're the best Clarissa. You would have been a great godmother too. Promise me I get to be your first kid's godmother." Dana sat up to hold her pinky out to me. Really, are we five or something.

At least I managed to cheer someone up. I did a bang-up job with Kate. Exactly like I was told to.

"I pinky promise, babe." I linked our pinkies. "You're getting way ahead of yourself though. I don't see something like that happening anytime soon."

"Are you kidding me? You and Nathan are always all over each other. And the sexual tension between you two is suffocating. I'm sure that beast would love to be your baby daddy." Dana snorted at me. She

sounded like a pig for a minute with that snort. "I'm sure all that anger comes in handy when you're all alone in his room late at night."

"Dana you perv! Why are thinking about me and Nathan like that. I'm not sure Trevor wouldn't like it if he found out his girl was scamming on another couple."

"Shut up! Don't try to change the subject. We haven't had a real girl talk about boys in a century."

Our girl time was sadly interrupted by the furious rapping on Dana's door.

"Dana open this door right now! I need to talk to you like right this instant!" That urgent voice sounds like our resident reporter.

Dana sighed and trudged over to the door. Unfortunately, being the nurturing type means that Dana has to lend her ears to everyone who comes knocking. Being nice has its fallbacks. Time to jet. Knowing this going to be a private conversation I get up to leave. Dana and I are going to be having a sleepover tonight so I'll be back. No need to monopolize her.

As soon as Dana opened the door Juliet barged right in.

"Why the fuck are you sexting my boyfriend?! Logan isn't enough for you?" Juliet is not playing around. Her eyebrows are so scrunched up it looks like she's got a unibrow.

"Woah! That's really uncalled for Juliet. Dana wouldn't do something trashy like that." Here I was back to being in a good mood because of Dana and now this.

"Exactly! Are you crazy?! I'd never in a million years betray you like that Juliet." Dana tried to reach for Juliet but she rejected her approach.

"Don't try to gang up on me and fucking lie! Victoria told me all about you and Zach hooking up behind my back. You'll do anything to get with a quaterback, huh. You're such a whore Dana. Aren't you like pregnant anyway?" Juliet's rage was making her go off the deep end. "You can go pawn your mistake on somebody else's boyfriend, bitch!"

I can't believe she's going this crazy over a dick like Zachary.

"Juliet you need to take a chill pill or come off whatever you're smoking because nothing you're saying makes any sense and you're going to regret coming in here if you keep trashing Dana. Victoria is a well known liar and hates Dana for being prettier than her so you should be bitching out on her." Dana is close to tears right now for Juliet's verbal abuse over a tender subject. What the hell is with people today. Is there bad juju in the air or something? I know I'm a natural bitch but it's crazy seeing other people act out.

"Know what, fuck you two. You bitches can stay in here till you fess up and apologize to me." Juliet stormed out the room. Dana didn't bother responding. She's too hurt from how insensitive Juliet was to

her.

The tinkering sound coming from the door made us both rush over to it.

"You can't get out now Dana. So tell me the truth or rot in there." She wouldn't dare.

"It's stuck!" Dana tried moving the doorknob but it wouldn't budge. Apparently she would.

"Juliet what're you doing?! You can't lock us in here." I banged on the door. Juliet ignored our pleas and told us to fess up if we wanted out.

This has been a hell of a day so far.

Dana and Juliet continued to go back and forth. The argument was put on hold when I heard Max's voice on the other side. She needed to come in to get Warren's flash drive.

"Max please! You've got to believe me. I didn't do it. Check Victoria's room. I'm sure there's evidence that she's lying in there." The one time I'm glad Max's nosy side comes to the rescue.

"Max find Victoria's phone. She and Zach used to date. This is probably her scheme to get revenge." Dana and I had to wait for Max to come back. I tried to cheer Dana up in the mean time, but she wasn't in the mood for anymore talking.

Max the Hero returned with a printout of Victoria's text messages to prove Dana's innocence. Vicbitch is in for mouthful when Juliet comes after her. I hope Juliet gets even more wild with her.

Juliet dished out a full blown apology to Dana for her terrible meltdown. Dana accepted her apology on the condition Juliet did her laundry for a full week. Juliet eagerly agreed to do it for a whole month to get back in Dana's good grace. Juliet even apologized to me and asked how she could make it up to me too. I let her off with an IOU for a dinner date between the three of us. Juliet happily agreed to it and promised she'd plan a whole girl's night out for us. It's been awhile since the three of us hung out. I missed having girl time.

Juliet left to go set things right with her boyfriend and frenemy. Hopefully she breaks up with that meathead.

My phone vibrated in my pocket. My face lights up when I see the caller id.

"_Come 2 the parkin lot."_ Finally the scum responds to me. I've been wanting to talk to him for hours.

"Dana I'll be back tonight for our slumber party. Don't forget the soda and chips."

"You must have gotten a text from your man candy from your excited grin." I hugged Dana.

"You hit the nail on the head babe." She hugged me back and shooed me off so she could talk to Max. Max sure is talkative today. Has she realized being a loner doesn't work out like an anime.

"_Be there in five. Sit tight. I have so much to tell you." _

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Hey I hope everyone enjoys the rough sketch I did of Nathan and Clarissa. I tried to replicate the style used in Life is Strange on photoshop, but then I decided to draw them instead. I got the idea from a fan art of Nathan and Max together.

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The parking lot was mostly empty. I saw Warren messing with a car. That must be his new ride. Not the best looking car, but it's his first, it's supposed to be a piece of junk. I still think it's cool he gets a car at all. Dad won't let me buy a car at all. At least he lets me take his car if I really need to. I need to go thank Warren for helping me out earlier too.

I saw him pull his phone and out. His smile stretched from ear to ear.

I'll wait. I think he's talking to Max. I know he's expecting her to meet him. I'll just look for Nathan.

"That's incredibly lazy." What is with this awful parking job. This gaudy truck is splayed across the two handicap spots. This person must not give a damn about parking tickets or possibly getting their car towed. Even Nathan doesn't do arrogant shit like that and his family owns this school. He could park on the grass and no one would say anything to him.

"Clarissa!" Nathan called for me from his slumped position on his car. He shoved an orange bottle into his pocket as I got closer. I hope he didn't take those. Medication is not the answer to his problems. Though his father thinks otherwise. He signs off for his son to have shelves of medication so he doesn't have to deal with parenting his child.

"Took you long enough." I lunged for him. "Dang. Can't keep your hands off me, can you?" Nathan adjusted my cuddly hold on him so I wasn't choking him. I pulled him closer. I feel so giddy seeing him. Why does he make my emotions go up and down like roller coaster rides.

"It's been an insane day. I need you to distract me." I looked into his turbulent blue. "Nathan let's get the fuck out of here."

I want to mellow out with him for a bit. He's the only person who makes me feel euphoric. One moment I can be pissed at him another I can be dying to be with him. I can't control myself when it comes to Nathan. I blame the hormones for this insanity.

This is the most stressed I've felt since Rachel. If it weren't so

early I'd suggest we go to his dorm. Since the fire alarm mandated everyone leave the school, too many of the students are out and about. People might see me go in his room. Then they'd interrupt us. Then the rumors would start spreading. I don't need superficial teenagers screwing up the stellar reputation I've built up. Nathan could afford to laugh off or punch off any rumors, but I'd have to deal with the third-degree burn from dad. He surely wouldn't like hearing cackling school girls whispering about how much of a slut his daughter is.

"And do what Clarissa?" Nathan smirked at my obvious distress. "It's too early to get fucked up." He snorted at his own bullshit comment.

"Yeah right. You're fucked up 24/7 anyway Prescott." Nathan lazily draped his arms over my shoulder. He's very amiable right now. Either his medication is affecting him or he's just as happy around me. I'm going to pretend it's the second one. Boyfriends are required to be happy whenever their girlfriends are around.

"Whattthefuckever, bitch." There's that word once more. Didn't I tell him to stop calling me that. I pressed my lips to his shoulder. He breathed deeply out his nose from the feather soft touch.

"Agh! Have you gone batshit crazy?!" Nathan recoiled from my mouth. I kept my arms tightly around him. He won't escape from my revenge. I'm going to get him to stop calling me bitch if it's the last thing I do.

"Your neck looks fabulous now, darling." I left a nice purple love bite on his shoulder. It's low enough that he can cover it. I'm really turned on by that mark. "How about I give you one for every time you've called me a bitch, baby?" I sent him a sultry smile before I went back to his shoulder.

"Fucking stop it!" His words are conflicting with his shivering body.

Nathan fought with me to stop my assault on his blazer. His fingers tangled with mine to stop them from unbuttoning his clothes. Nathan's face is alternating between looking threatening and looking aroused from the multiple kisses and love bites I'm leaving on his revealed skin. His pained groan urged me on. His skin is so pale the purple looks painfully bright.

"F-Fuck Clarissa." Fed up with the rough affection Nathan yanked my chin upward. He only gave me a moment before he smashed his mouth on mine.

Oh Nathan.

His hands travel eagerly over my body. Our lips ravaged the other. Anyone could see us and here we are heavily making out in the parking lot. I tried to pull back, but Nathan wouldn't have it. His hand forcefully brought my lips back to his. I could taste my cherry flavored chapstick on his lips. My hands journeyed under Nathan's black shirt. He's making me feel like I'm on fire. His flat stomach trembled from my colder palms. I haven't touched him intimately in so long. A soft moan escaped from me after Nathan's hand ghosted over my chest. I feel so good. His heart is madly throbbing under my hand.

I'm sure mine is going just as fast. His tongue darted out to lick my lips. Nathan. Nathan. Nathan. I want you...

"Here's your flash drive." The sound of talking slowed down Nathan's kisses.

Nathan abruptly removed his lips from mine as he came out of the fog of passion.

"The fuck's wrong?" My puffs of desire were ignored by him. He untangled himself from our meshing limbs and fixed his clothes. My body's aching for more. I want him to come back. Why do we keep getting cut off.

"It's that fucking rat!" Nathan looked over the back of his truck to spy on someone. He angrily rubbed at his lips to remove the smears of chapstick.

My desire is put on hold for the second time. I leaned beside Nathan to see who upset him. He sounds as murderous as he did in the bathroom.

"It's just Max and Warren. What's your problem with them?" Across from us, the two geeks were having a friendly discussion about films. Warren even asked Max out on a date to the drive. That boy doesn't listen. Nothing suspicious or abnormal. Warren and Max never bother Nathan. They're from two different groups so at no time do they interact with other. I'm the one who is the intermediary between the vortex members and the socially inept. I know Nathan gets a little put off that I hang out with Warren, but it can't be to the point that he's burning mad at the moment.

"Max eavesdropped on something she shouldn't have and then ratted about my gun to that useless, shit Principal." Nathan is practically foaming at the mouth.

"W-What?! Max was in the bathroom? How do you know that for sure?" I'm stunned from this bombshell. It couldn't be Max. She is a total ditz and the most unremarkable person to go to this school. That dumb bitch is barely holding on to her scholarship with her trash GPA of 2.8. She barely puts any work in towards her academics except in her photography classes.

"I found a crappy selfie of her on the floor of the bathroom." Nathan shot me a confused look. He doesn't understand why I'm getting anxious. He has no memories of the alternate morning.

"I don't know why the hell you're freaking out, but I need to put that nosy, big mouth bitch in her place." Nathan started walking off towards Max.

"Have you ever had a dream so real, it's like a movie?" Hearing Max's voice snapped me out of my funk. I need to confirm if she's the cause of the rewind.

"Nathan wait!" I tried to keep him from approaching Max. I don't know what transpired in the bathroom this time around. Max could have heard something even more incriminating than what I remember. We don't need her snooping or asking questions. I need to find out the facts first.

"Back the fuck off Ris!" Nathan tugged his arm out of my grasp. "Max Caulfield, right?" He stalked right up to her.

Max nervously looked between Warren and Nathan. I know she doesn't expect a kitten like Warren to stand up to Nathan. Sweet boys don't get into fist fights and Warren is the model example of sweet.

"You're one of the Jefferson photo groupiesâ€|" Nathan shoved Warren back away from Max. Here we go with the nonstop shoving. At least Nathan is keeping Warren out of this. I don't care if he messes Max up, but Warren hasn't done anything and I owe him for not standing around while I was dying.

"I'm one of his students." Max defiantly held her ground while Nathan looked down on her.

"Nathan, come on. Don't bother with her." Warren and I had both been pushed off to the sidelines like cheerleaders. I at least need to act like I'm concerned for Max.

"Whatthefuckever." His uncivil curse is directed at both Max and I. He's blatantly going to ignore me. This is turning into a replay of the morning.

"I know you like to take pictures, especially when you're hiding out in the bathrooms." Max looked to me for help. I sent her a helpless look. I'm not known in school for being aggressive so I'm not going to ruin that misconception for Max. She can weather the Prescott storm on her own.

Let's see if she really can rewind time.

"You best tell me what you told the Principal. Now!" Max tried looking to Warren for help again. This would be the perfect chance for Warren to win Max over. Seeing him stick up for her would certainly make her reevaluate her opinion of him as a friend. All girls like seeing a guy fight for her, even if she doesn't necessarily like the guy.

"Answer me, bitch!" He sadly looked down at his feet. Warren isn't going to be any help to her. This is why he's going to remain in the friend zone.

"I told him the truth. A student had a gun." Seeing she wouldn't be getting any help Max tried to play the tough act. Belligerence from Maxine is uncharacteristic. She must be confident Nathan won't hurt her.

"No, you told him I had a gun. That's why he dragged me into his office." Nathan's keeping his cool for the most part. Should I be proud or irritated that he's doing well against Max's new backbone. He would only do this when I don't want him to. I shuffled impatiently in my spot.

"And did what? Give you a stern lecture?" Max's continued display of boldness is actually impressing me.

"Nobody, nobody lectures me. Everybody tries thoughâ€|They tryâ€|" I

hope he's not including me in that category. I just try to help him, not order him around. I know how much he hates feeling like he's not in control of his life.

"You should talk to somebody, Nathan!" Max was bothered by his angry ranting. Don't try to play sympathetic now Maxine. I've been telling you and everybody in this entire school Nathan is just misunderstood. Those who turned their backs on him have no right to judge.

I see his hand twitching. Here comes the rage.

"Do not analyze me! I pay people for that. Worry about yourself, Max Caulfield." She backed up from his turn in temper. She bumped into Warren's car. Let's go Nathan. Do something drastic. I need to know if Max is the one.

"I could call the police." Her meek voice showed how little faith she had in that idea working.

"Do it. The Prescotts own the pigs here." He cruelly sneered at her threat.

Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Warren moving. He wouldn't be so stupid would he? He had his chance to intervene.

"Get away from her dude!" Warren indeed tried to be a hero and step in front of his crush. His heroic deed was rewarded with a hard head-butt from Nathan. Warren went tumbling down like a bowling pin.

"No, no, no! Please don't hurt Warren." The same time I spoke Max shouted at Nathan to leave him alone. Unlike me, Max attempted to tackle Nathan. Her plan backfired. He whipped back around to subdue her. I bent down to help Warren and keep him from attacking Nathan again.

"Nobody tells me what to do." Nathan had Max by the throat and was driving her back. "Not my parents, not the Principal, or that whore in the bathroom." Each exclamation was followed by a harsh jostle from Nathan.

There you go baby. Force her hand.

"Stop that! Right now!" Max struggled to get Nathan off. A weak thing like her wouldn't accomplish that.

The loud screech of tires distracted Nathan enough to loosen his grip. Max took advantage of the distraction and clawed at his face. Appalled, Nathan forced her away.

"Nathan!" I ran up to him completely forgetting about helping Warren. I checked his injury. Three shallow cuts that will heal fine. How dare she mark his face though! My beautiful Nathan Prescott. That savage little animal.

A beat up truck halted behind Max. It's the same one I saw recklessly parked. She stood up using the truck as an anchor.

"Max?!"

"Chloe?!" Both voices called out to the other in wonder.

"It's that blue girl." A feeling of absolute dread washed over me. My instinct is telling me she is bad news. I don't want her near me or Nathan.

"No way. You again?" Nathan is just as anxious as me about her. He let go of me and crept towards the car. He was stopped from his pursuit by Warren.

"Warren!" Max and I called out to him in sync. I don't like that we're on the same wavelength like this. Max is worried for Warren. I'm worried for Nathan.

Warren had tackled Nathan to the ground and was trying to hold him down. Nathan, being the more athletic of the two quickly tossed the knight in shining armor on his back.

"Go I got this!" Yet again Warren's misplaced chivalry was rewarded with violence. Warren laid motionless while Nathan pounded him into submission. He's going to get that black eye we joked about earlier.

"Stop it! Please stop Nathan! Don't hit Warren." Since I was busy exerting myself to get Nathan off Warren, I didn't try to stop Max from getting in the truck. I'm tugging on his jacket, but Nathan won't budge and I have to avoid his wild swings. If I get a bruise dad will be out for Nathan's blood regardless if the bruise is from an accident and not physical abuse.

A door opening finally stopped Nathan's assault.

"Get your punk asses out of there now!" Nathan darted over to the truck. He ferociously kicked the door shut. "Don't even try to run." Another kick. "Nobody messes with me!" He went to kick it again, but the car sped off. "Nobody!"

"Fucking pieces of shit!" His loud curse attracted the wrong attention.

"Hey! What's going on over here!" The Blackwell head of security jogged over to us. Great, he comes now. Amazing how he showed up right as the action's over.

I helped Warren stand up and let him lean on me. Nathan got got him pretty bad in the face. I should have yanked Nathan off him instead of trying to reason with him. Sometimes brute force is all that can get through to Nathan in one of his flits of fury.

"I'm sorry Warren. I'm a terrible friend." I can't do good for anyone. All I do is hurt them. I really didn't want him to get hurt. He was trying to stick up for the girl he likes. This school needs more people like him and less like me.

"It's okayâ€¦I think." Warren attempted to smile with his bust up face. "I can't expect a girl to stop a fight between men...Besides I got that bad boy look going for me now."

I know Warren didn't mean anything by it, but his misogynist comment still pisses me off. I could've stopped Nathan if I really wanted to. I let him go wild to see if Max would do anything. Mission failed and Warren became collateral damage.

Me, being a girl had nothing to do with my inactivity during the confrontation.

"You three! Explain yourselves that's an order." Officer Madsen glared at Nathan specifically. As if Nathan's going to listen to a man in blue.

"I had to talk with Max Caulfield and she drove off." Or he'll do the opposite and heed Officer Madsen order. What's up with that? Nathan doesn't give a rat's ass about listening to authority figures asserting their dominance over him.

"Is that so? And how do you explain Mr. Graham's bruised face?" He continued to grill Nathan for details and looked to Warren for a confession.

Warren chose to remain silent during this exchange. He learned first-hand not to cross Nathan Prescott. His face is proof of Nathan's version of retribution.

"I don't know. Maybe he tripped." Nathan clearly wanted to be done with the conversation, but wasn't shooing off the guard. Why is he showing respect to this war zealot.

"Officer Madsen, Warren really needs first aid." I interrupted the guard from interrogating Nathan further.

"You're right." He reluctantly turned his attention to me." I'll take him to the infirmary. But don't think this means you all are off the hook. I will be questioning all persons involved in this fight." He took Warren from me and escorted him to the nurse's office.

"Just another thing I'll add to my list of drama for the day." I rolled my eyes at his threat. Madsen is definitely going to use this as excuse to dig at dad. The cop is determined to write off all residents of Arcadia Bay as guilty criminals. His paranoia and disregard for the ethics is eventually going to make him a problem for us.

"I definitely need a fucking drink." Nathan seized my hand. He lead me back to his car like nothing happened. I squeezed his hand back. I should be mad at him for punching Warren, but that kid knows Nathan is a loose cannon. Warren also stupidly tried attacking Nathan more than once. I honestly don't care enough to stay mad at Nathan for his rage fest.

"How about we eat first. I'm starving. Stress makes me hungry." I fiddled with the radio after I got in the car. He started the truck up and changed gears.

"Everything makes you hungry, pig...And put your seat belt on." Nathan's smug grin was making my hand itch to slap him right where Max marked him.

"Shut up and drive dickbagtheasshole." I fastened my seat

belt.

"Whatthefuck did you just call me?" Nathan rolled down the windows as he drove off. He prefers to smell the sea on the wind than have cold blasts of air hit him.

"Dickbagtheasshole. Maxine came up with it."

"I'm going to teach her a lesson."

"Of course you are. You did such a great job getting your face clawed off." I leaned my head out the window.

"I can shove you right out the car, you know." Nathan glowered at me as we pulled out from the school. If only we could drive away from our problems too. Maybe one day I could persuade dad into letting me go on a road trip with Nathan. That'll be an awesome graduation trip.

"I'm not afraid of death." He gave me a blank look. "I almost died this morning."

What a lie. I'm terrified of dying.

"What the fuck do you mean you almost died?" Nathan spared me a glance, but held his gaze on the road. It's funny that he has anger issues, but he plays it safe when drives.

"I had a asthma attack in science class and Daddy rushed me to the nurse's office." The wind whipping past made me raise my voice over the noise.

"Didn't you have your inhaler on you? Or did you conveniently forget it?" Nathan's patronizing tone annoyed me.

"Don't get high-handed with me. You're the same way with your medication." I know he gets worried about me being reckless, but he doesn't have to be a dick about it.

"Pftâ€|Well I won't die if I don't take my shit." No, but I've seen Nathan get terrible withdrawal effects.

"I hate that fucking inhaler. No one else in my family has a history of asthma." I turned up the volume of the radio. Indie rock is the best.

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"Welcome to Two Whales Diner. Take a seat and I'll be with you in a moment." Joyce's sunny smile greeted me as I entered with Nathan. Oh the smells of food are making my mouth water.

I had insisted on coming here for lunch. Nathan didn't put up too much of a fight with my choice. We could have gone anywhere we wanted to eat in Arcadia Bay, but I prefer the cozy atmosphere of the town diner. We both decided to sit in the corner booth by the jukebox. Typically only the younger customers sit over in this section. The adults don't like having their ears bombarded with music. Lucky for us the level of racket will make it hard for any prying ears to listen in on us.

"We should have gone somewhere more up to standard. I'm not going to be able to drink in here." Nathan didn't bother opening the menu. He consistently orders a burger every time we come here for lunch or dinner.

"Stop complaining. You know you love this place even more than I do." I flipped the menu open. What am I craving today? The words look a little blurry without my glasses.

"You're full of shit."

"No you are. Because every time you pay the bill you leave a big tip for Ms. Joyce." My impish smile elected a dirty look from him. He can't stand letting people see his soft side.

"So I can be charitable if I want."

"You most most certainly canâ€¦" I sent him a patient smile. "But I've only seen you do it for Ms. Joyce." His face flushed. He's so adorable.

"So a burger and fry with a coke for you, Mr. Prescott?" Joyce's perfect entrance kept Nathan from flipping on me.

"Yeah that's fine." Nathan icily glared at in my direction while I silently laughed behind my menu.

Joyce was one of the only waitresses that treated Nathan like any other customer. The other waitresses were either too afraid of angering him, and by extension his father, or they went overboard trying to leave a good impression on him. Her impressive cooking skills also won over Nathan. Easiest way to a man's heart is his stomach. I should try cooking for him sometime soon.

"And for you Clarissa?"

"I'll take the tenders and fries with a sprite." I gathered our menus and handed them back to Joyce after she finished taking our orders.

"Thanks honey." She placed the menus under her arm. "Your order will be along shortly." She went back to serving her other customers.

"Chicken tenders? You're such a kid." Nathan sniggered. He slouched back in his seat and took his jacket off. I wonder if his gun is still in there. I can see some of those bites from me poking out of his blazer. Those marks look like painful bruises now on his pale skin.

"We're the same age genius." He seems so much younger and softer without that bright red jacket on.

I guess I should start spilling some secrets now.

"Soâ€¦Maxine is on your hit list now?" My foot found his under the table. I got him to play along with my movements.

"Don't fuck up my expensive shoes while you're playing footsie with

me." Nathan's amused expression contrasted his statement. "You got me Clarissa. I'm planning on pulling a Hitman 47 on her." I couldn't help laughing at that one. Nathan had a secret mania for spy movies and other hardcore action flicks.

Joyce set our drinks down and went back to the counter. Normally Joyce would take some time out to ask me how school was going and if my father was well, but with Nathan present she strictly stayed professional. I played along with her compassionate act until it became natural for me to open up to her. I wonder if Joyce has ever tried to make small talk with Nathan too. He doesn't really seem bothered by her presence.

"Stop, I'm being serious. What did you do that blue punk?..I think Max called her Chloe. Did you pull your gun on her?" He jerked back from my question.

"H-how do you know this? You weren't fucking there." Nathan's voice lowered to an alarmed whisper. I took a generous sip of my soda.

"Because I was there. And you really should stop dropping so many curses." Nathan kicked at my foot. Too bad his kick hurt him more than me. My boots have a thick bottom to them compared to his fancy dress shoes.

"And here's your food kids." Joyce delivered two steaming plates of food. That was fast. "Wave if you need anything else." Joyce left us to finish off our date with no further interruptions.

"What do you mean you were there? You going to drop a bomb on me and tell me you can turn invisible?" Nathan ignored his food to stare at me. I'm going to eat my food. My stomach is demanding I feed it and it must be obeyed.

"Not in this lifeâ€¦That hair dye mistake tried to blackmail you into giving her money for her silence. She kept insulting me the entire time too." I pushed his plate towards. I can't stand being the only person eating when I'm with someone. "Eat. I know you don't like cold food." I won't tell him about the shooting. I don't want to see him that hysterical and broken ever again. He loses his shit over enough things. It was traumatizing for him to experience once. No need to make him relieve it.

"That's impossible. Some of what you're saying happened except the parts about you." He started eating his burger. "Is this going to be like last timeâ€¦"

Regardless of his disbelief of my claim, he seems relieved. This is one more of his burdens he can share with me. I'm glad I can comfort him. I know I'm not the best person to be his girlfriend, but I want to try to be a kind face for him. Even if he can be an obnoxious spoiled brat with a foul mouth most of the time.

"It's not impossible. I think we've found another irregularity in Arcadia Bay. This one rewinds time too. I experienced the morning events twice."

"Great. Another fucking reason my life is shit. I'm tired of this bullshit." Nathan's shoulders sagged under an invisible weight. I'd

wager a million dollars he's thinking about his father. That man puts brutal pressure on people. Under no circumstances do I want to have any dealings with that man. He's darkâ€|

"Well this one won't be anything like the last one." I nudged his foot. We both need to not think of the warden. "Don't worry about your father. As long as we get results he won't bother us." Nathan's nervous eyes met mine. I can completely understand the fear of not wanting to disappoint your parent.

"Hard not to Ris. He's my dad which means he always checks on me." We both finished our meals. Yet we both look like we're about to spit the food back out. "Soâ€|Who is it?"

"I think that should be obvious to you. She was the only other person in the bathroom besides me." I let him think on that for a moment. Watching his face go from confusion to realization is like watching the hero discover the villain's identity.

"Wait, Max Caulfield?" Nathan's look of repulsion evoked a mean chuckle from me. His reaction is practically the same as mine. Maxine is the last person I'd expect chance upon superpowers.

"Yes Max Caulfieldâ€|So you should be careful around the sweet little doe. She could have used her powers when you confronted her but she didn't..." I brushed my loose bangs out of my eye. "So I'm not entirely sure the extent of what she can do."

"Well how the fuck am I supposed to be careful around the sissy? I'll never know if she rewindsâ€|" Nathan pulled his wallet out to pay the bill. "You're the only one of us who's aware of stuff like that happening."

"Damn you're right." I slid out of the booth. "Whatever. I'm tempted to let Daddy handle her. I don't have the patience to charm boring Max like he doesâ€|Anyhow I'm still busy with Kate." Thinking of Kate made me reach for my locket. I can't feel remorse for her.

I tenderly picked up Nathan's jacket as he went to the counter to settle the bill. Red is such a bright color. It makes everything look menacing and hazardous. Nathan looks like a walking trouble magnet when he wears this coat. Blue would look much more flattering on him. I made my way over to the rage monster as he waited for me at the door. We walked in silence to the car.

"Clarissa?" His glum voice stopped me from opening the car door. "Do you ever regret the things we've done?"

What a loaded question. There's so many awful things I've done in a short span of time. I've been committing heinous crimes since I was born. My very own act of coming into this life robbed my mother of her life. My heart was blackened after my first breath. From then on these past eighteen years have been a string of regrets and self-hatred. Dad was my only reason to keep going. Now I have a second reason. Nathan reminds me of myself in many ways. I identify more with him than anyone else I've met.

"I have a million regrets. Kate being the most recentâ€|.And I told you about my mom." My thumb pushed the clasp on the locket. I just have to look inside my locket to remember why I push myself. "But

you'll never be one them Nathan. No matter how many times you fuck up. I'll help you clean up your mess." I sent him a melancholic smile. I do care about Nathan Prescott.

"T-thanks Risâ€|I don't know how'd mange without you." Nathan got choked up from my sincere admission. His cheeks colored. He tried to cover it up by saying his cuts were stinging him. Lying whale freak.

He shouldn't be this emotional about someone caring about him. He should have the love and support of his family, not threats and put downs. He should have the adoration of the whole school body, not their fear. He should have a girlfriend that is devoted to him, not one that is deceptive. Nathan is so beautiful, but people only see his ugly side. One of these days his life will turn around.

"I think you can handle yourself. Where's that usual swagger Mr. Bond." Nathan good-naturedly snatched his jacket back.

"Get in the car and quit cracking jokes you fucking Harry Potter nerd."

"I just had the greatest idea for the Halloween Party. You can go dressed as James Bond and I can dress up as your gorgeous date. Perfect excuse for me to wear a lavish dress."

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"Did you just take a picture of me?" The flash of Nathan's camera made me look up from my textbook. Today is just a repetition of deja vu events. I did the same thing to Kate earlier. I snapped a pic of her looking miserable. Now Nathan snaps a pic of me looking miserable. Science is frying my brain at the moment.

Our lunch went later than we thought so we headed back to Blackwell. Nathan technically doesn't have to adhere to the curfew, but I convinced him not to push his luck anymore today. I don't live on the campus so the curfew doesn't affect me. Though I will be spending the night over at Dana's to catch up on major girl talk. So no beach for me today. Instead we're spending the last bit of daylight at one of the tables on campus.

"I can take a picture of you wheneverthefuck I please. I own you." I tried to steal the camera from him.

"I don't see your name tattooed on my ass. So, no you don't own me asswipe." He kept the the camera out of my reach.

"You're my girlfriend and I pay for a bunch of your shit. So I do own you." He swatted my hand away when I got too close. "You're my bitch not the other way around. And you better not write any embarrassing shit on my slate board again. Fucking douche bags were laughing their ass off in the dorm."

"I thought writing 'Nathan Prescott is my bitch' with a little heart at the end was romantic." I tucked some more of my hair behind my ear. The breeze is blowing it in my face.

"You're asking to get fucked up Clarissa." He took another picture of

me. "You're lucky you're attractive, bitch."

"You better do a good touch up on those pictures jackass. Your lighting skills still aren't the best." I gave up bothering Nathan about the camera when I saw how focused and blissful he became. He didn't even register I slandered his skills and insulted him.

While Nathan played with his camera I went back to studying for Ms. Grant's upcoming test. I'm not retaining much of what I'm reading. My mind is too chaotic from the events of this lunatic day. Nathan shot a girl and I didn't tell him about it. I had an asthma attack from the panic of time being rewound. I was a bitch to Kate about her viral video. She's probably crying in her room. Warren got a severe beat down. I sent another apology text to him and promised to make up to him if he wanted. Dana aborted her baby and I promised her she could be the godmother to my first kid. Juliet got set up by Victoria. Max told Principal Wells about Nathan's firearm. Even worse, Max has the rewind power. I still need to catch her in the act to prove that assumption. Chloe, the girl she drove off with needs to be found too so she doesn't try to bust Nathan.

So much drama in one day. I could make a soap opera about all the crap that goes down at Blackwell.

I tiredly rubbed my face. I can't concentrate on science. The words aren't making sense to me and the words are blurring together.

"Shit! I still don't have my glasses. How do I keep forgetting about them?" I looked through my bag for them. The case is in here, but not the glasses. Where did I leave them.

"You look better without them. It's like I'm actually seeing you!" Nathan's loving expression as he worked touched me. He's like my dad when he first started doing big photo shoots in Chicago. He used to enjoy getting absorbed in those projects. Then he became bitter with that kind of workflow.

A cold drop on my cheek put my reverie on hold.

"What the hell?!" Snow is falling from the sky. How is this possible? The sun is still out and it's not even remotely cold. There aren't any clouds out either.

"Guess the storm really is coming." Nathan disregarded the global phenomenon occurring. He continued playing with the camera. Nathan is calm and I'm freaking out. What is the world coming to?

"What storm?! There was no forecast for bad weather this week." Nathan looked up from his camera. His serious gaze seemed to be looking beyond me.

"The storm that will wipe out this town."

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

****Warning this chapter features smut**.** Don't read the second section

if you are uncomfortable reading.

****Kingdomheartsqueenofdarnkness- **** So yes, in response to your question there is a fan service included in this story. As for parodies, I don't know if I'd be able to make them funny enough. I have a morbid sense of humor.

****Eva00ReiIkari****- I can't tell you just yet. The photo will come into play much later.

Thank you to all my readers and their inspiring reviews. Saber007 sends air kisses to you all.

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"_Hey daddy are you still locked in your classroom grading papers?"
_I sent a text to check on him. I could have called him and saved my fingers the trouble, but talking on the phone is so awkward compared to texting. If I leave him alone, dad will spend the rest of the day working. I can see him tucked behind his computer imputing letters in the dark. He really shouldn't work in the dark. His eyesight is already getting bed.

Despite teaching not being his cup of tea, he does an amazing job at him. He inspires his students to want to be better at photography, his charm comes in handy in handy in that regard since it makes the students want to impress him. He used to love photography so much until we came back here. Now dad is cynical about it all. We shouldn't have come here. We could have ignored himâ€¦|

I almost tripped over my feet, but Nathan quickly caught me around the waist. Thankfully I managed to keep a tight hold on my phone He sent me a bemused look as he helped me up and kept his arm on my waist as we continued walking. We were idly walking to the girl's dorm. After it started getting dark I asked Nathan to walk back with me in case we run into Madsen out on patrol for curfew breakers. That man won't be as intrusive with me if Nathan's with me.

The vibrating buzz of my phone alerted me to dad's text.

"_I'll be here all night at this rate. Are you still staying with your friend Dana tonight?"_

"_Yes. She's been begging me to help her with organizing a Halloween Party. I'll be up all night listening to her ideas."_ Nathan's arm guided me as I focused on texting instead of walking. Messages with dad require my full attention because he goes completely mental if I don't use proper English when texting him. He's OCD about a lot of things. The psycho perfectionist should be his calling card. That's not funnyâ€¦|

"_Don't stay up too late. I don't want your grades to suffer due to you being too tired to focus in class. You and I have an image to maintain. We have to make effort look effortless." _I deeply exhaled. I enjoy learning, but at the end of the day none of what I do here will matter. Not ever will I be allowed to leave this place. This shithole will end up being my grave site._ "Make sure you set at least two alarms for yourself. I won't be there to wake you up."_ I could sense his exasperation from this text.

"_I know Daddy. I won't disappoint you." _I glanced up at Nathan. We both have a domineering parent. Nathan's been too quiet since the snow fall. He's been preoccupied with staring off into space.

He closed himself off like a clam after he made that ominous prediction about the storm. I have no idea what he was talking about and he wouldn't tell me anything when I asked about it. How in the world could a storm wipe out the town? The weather has been normal for the most part except for today. Maybe this has just been a freak of nature day. Or did Nathan have another nightmare and he's simply scared.

"_I know you won't Clarissa. We have too much to lose and we can't risk making anymore mistakes." _I have high expectations to meet just like Nathan. Sometimes it feels like I'm in over my head. I could run away and live with my mother's family, pretend like none of this ever happened. Nevertheless there's no way I'll ever abandon dad, no matter how deep this shit keeps getting.

I wonder if dad knows if something strange is going to ensue. I've seen him stare off into space similar to Nathan. Is dad seeing the same thing too? _"Did you see the snow? It was really a freak of nature." _

"_Don't trouble yourself about that." _His dismissive response made my eyebrows twitch. Why am I the only one acting surprised about the snow and why did he give me such a curt answer?

"_Do you know anything about a storm coming?" _Lets try again to see if I can get some information. There's no point in beating around the bush with him. A direct question will get me a direct answer.

"_I said don't worry about it, Clarissa. Don't make me repeat myself again." _I'm sure if he were here he'd be looking down at me with that condescending sneer he makes when I upset him from doing something acutely stupid. I shouldn't be bothering him about trivial stuff, he's got more important things to worry about.

"_I'm sorry Daddy. I won't bring it up again." _I'm eighteen. I'm practically an adult by law, but I still feel like a small little girl when I talk to him.

"_I'm not angry with you. Go enjoy your night with your friend. Be a regular teenager for a night and not worry about life." _I put my phone up after reading his last text. I playfully bumped Nathan's side.

"Done talking with 'Daddy'?" This is the first thing he's said since the snow fall. The way he said daddy was both longing and resentful. I wish I could fix their relationship, but after Rachel I don't think dad will come around to giving Nathan another chance.

"So you were reading my texts?" He snorted. Snot is going to come flying out his nose one of these days when he does that. I'll be sure to catch that on camera and post it.

"Whatever. Hurry up and walk so I can get to my room to finish those photos."

"As you command. I don't want to keep you from your porn magazines."

Our walk sped up.

We managed to make it to the dorm just as the last light bit of sunlight faded. As the sun goes down it's like the whole world shifts to something darker. The nighttime is when the bad things occur. Like they say in Game of Thrones, 'the night is dark and full of terror'.

"Later chicken shit." Nathan separated from me and left after giving me a quick peck on the lips. He left before I could call him out on ridiculing me about my fear of the dark, it's not my fault I don't like it. Back in medical times it was unheard of for people to be out and about at night. Monsters or witches were said to make people disappear and disappearances are real problem in this town. Besides no young lady should be walking alone at night. Not everyone can carry around a gun for protection.

I arrived at Dana's door for the second time and knocked. I could hear music playing from inside. It sounds like the latest pop songs on the radio. I guess she started the party without me.

The door opened with Dana decked out in her sleepwear. "Claire bear come on in." She pulled me in her room and locked the door. Dana returned to jamming to some dance music.

"I'm not some care bear, you gorgeous goof." I flopped down on her couch and began taking off my boots and jacket. I took my phone out of my satchel and placed it on her table. Never know if dad might need something. Dana's table is littered with Halloween decorations and junk food. I'm still full from Joyce's cooking so I won't be eating most of it. On top of that looking at all the bags of chips and sweets is making my stomach turn. I must be getting ready to get my period if junk food seems unappealing.

"Your a total softie to certain people." Dana twirled to the beat of the music. "And a beotch to others." I rolled my eyes at her playful jab. Dana is a loving person who can get along with almost anyone. Me, on the hand, I'm a bit more fiendish. I choose who I'm genuinely affectionate with. After all I don't want to get close with too many people. If I start caring about others I'll never be able to do my job.

"I'm glad you're so chipper. I half expected this to turn into a bitch-at-everybody-who-ever-pissed-us-off-night. Not that I'd complain if it did. It's funny hearing you curse about people." I sank into the couch. My body feels so exhausted. I need a shower to wash away all the sins of the day.

"No it's okay I had a talk with Max that helped and Juliet and I had a long talkâ€¦.I did a lot of talking today, so no more moping for me." Dana fell back on her bed after the song ended.

"What did Max talk to you about?" I've talked about her one too many times today.

"She asked me about the pregnancy rumor." That little girl is sticking her nose into everybody's business.

"What rumor? Hardly anyone knows about this."

"It's okay Clarissa, she was just worried about me. Max is a good girl." Dana waved off my concern. "And who cares if there's a rumor or not. It's hard to keep anything a secret at Blackwell." Isn't that the truth. Smartphones can spread lies and truths in an instant with a simple click.

"So are you going to go to the Halloween Party?" Dana eagerly looked at me. She's been putting a lot of effort into this party in order to take her mind off of things. I had helped come up with a few ideas, but Dana did most of the work for setting up the party.

"Duh! I have to see your hard work for myself. I'll even drag Nathan with me so we can double date." I got up and started rummaging through one of her drawers. I really need to take a shower.

"That is the most brilliant thing you've said. You'll have your man bitch and I'll have my own man candy. This is going to be a rocking party." I heard a pop noise behind me. Dana must be starting on the junk food.

"Yeah I just need to get a costume together. Nathan, surprisingly likes wearing matching outfits." I found some of my sleepwear under Dana's clothes. I'd slept over enough times that I regularly left clothes and pajamas in my bestie's room. I'd claimed her bottom drawer as my stash after she gave me permission. I've even caught Dana wearing some of my clothes on and off again. I prefer not to wear Dana's clothes since it mainly consists of ripped jeans or tight jeans and a colorful section of t-shirts. I can't stand wearing pants they make me look boyish. I don't have curves like most of the beauties at Blackwell. Dresses and skirts are my arsenal against the male population.

"That's so cute of him. Even tough guys have that soft spot for their girlfriends."

"I keep telling you all Nathan isn't all curses and threats. He can be a darling boy too." I found one of my more modest nightgowns. I grabbed some underwear and my shower gear from the drawer.

"I believe you, I've seen you two together when no one's around. You two look as thick as thieves." Dana sent me an envious look. That analogy is a very good representation of us since we get into a lot of trouble. "Well hello sexy lady. I hope you're not getting dressed up for me." Dana jokingly made a pass at me.

"You never know Dana. I might be secretly in love with you and this is my way of getting your attention." I played along with her until we both burst out laughing from our ridiculous flirting. I love hanging with Dana, it's like having a sister to talk and joke with.

"I can't believe you wear stuff like that at home. I'd never wear lace in my parent's house." She took the blue nightgown from me and modeled it over herself. It really isn't that bad, it has straps and reaches down past my knees. My black lingerie is a bit more risquÃ©, it's lacy and see through.

"Get your cheesy covered fingers off my PJs." I took the gown back. "I don't wear these at home. I've got nothing, but grandma pajamas in my bedroom."

"Well why do you have them?" Dana shot me a confused look as she opened another bag of chips. I smell doritos, she's going to have to brush her teeth before she goes to bed.

I motioned for her to come closer.

"I bought them for Nathan." I whispered to Dana. I had no desire to wear risque articles of clothing, but then Nathan had told me he likes sexy girls. I aim for the pretty and cute look for school, but at night I try the seductive look for him. Since I sometimes use Dana as a cover to spend the night with Nathan, I started leaving the Victoria Secret items in her room. I can't have dad finding those in my room or in the laundry.

"That's so kinky of you. I wouldn't have expected that from miss elegant and grace. I see now that it's not just Nathan that's wild." Dana giggled as she pulled out some of the other sets and hovered them over herself. "Does he let you keep them on for long?" She dramatically wriggled her eyebrows as she whispered back.

"Babe I don't kiss and tell." I stood up with everything I needed for the showers. I better leave before she asks me something intrusive. I share a lot of things with Dana, but my sex life is something I want to keep between me and my boyfriend.

"Come on, don't leave me hanging. I want to hear the good parts." Dana attempted to pull me back down next to her.

"No, no, no. I don't want to corrupt you." We ended up playing a game of tug-of-war. The cheerleader is winning right now. "Let me go take a shower already. I feel disgusting and my dirtiness is getting on you."

"Fine." She loudly sighed and let me go. "But this conversation isn't over. I'll make you talk one way or another." She threatened me with her wagging finger. Dana is too lovable to be scary.

I think she wants to know about me and Nathan because she's worried about Trevor. Her experience with Logan wasn't great and her confidence took a big hit to the face. I know she really likes Trevor so I wonder how far have they gotten.

"I read you loud and clear. No need to use threats. I'll be back." I exited Dana's room eager to feel sizzling water on my itchy skin.

When I opened the door to the showers I saw a blonde nuisance looking at her reflection. I promptly tried to back out before she noticed me. I've been avoiding her all day. Especially since I didn't decline her minions because of the rewind. Unfortunately, Victoria has a sixth sense for the Jefferson genes.

"Clarissa, mon cheri! I've been meaning to talk to you all day." Her enthusiastic smile reflexively made me return her expression. Victoria put down her brush and turned her full attention on me. She always has to make it seem like she's just so interested in me.

"Sorry. I was kind of preoccupied after class." I'm sorry I didn't

managed to steer clear of your wanna be self. Regrettably I shut the door. No point in trying to retreat when I've been spotted and homed in on.

"Oh god. I heard you had a asthma attack after class today. That must have been awful. I'm so sorry you have to deal with that." Victoria's voice oozed false concern while she placed her hand over her heart. Her sympathy for my plight is not real. Is anything about her real? Why does she have to be Nathan's best friend? I don't want to play nice with this obviously insecure faker. I've had enough of people trying to use to get to my father.

"How did you know about that? Did you see it on some video?" My spiteful thoughts don't disrupt my trained persona of friendliness. I only let a trace of my displeasure seep into my voice. I cannot let people know how I actually feel.

"Absolutely not. I wouldn't watch something like that about you. I can't believe how anybody could have just stood there while you were dying." She looked authentically horrified at the idea. How quaint of her. Victoria and her minions recorded Kate at the Vortex Party and then posted it online. Kate is in the middle of a breakdown because of how that ruined her reputation. She should be horrified by what she did to Kate and not by some dicks recording me. I have earned every bad thing that befalls me. Kate hasn't done anything to warrant mistreatment and yet her fate has been decided because of her purity.

"I was talking to Mark after class but then Selfie Max had to interrupt us." I didn't realize she was talking again until I heard dad's name. "So I got ready to leave when Ms. Grant came rushing in saying you were dying in her classroomâ€¦" She got a dreamy look in her eye as she recounted her story. "Mark's face went white and he sprinted out the classroom. I've never seen him so scared. He really cares about you Clarissa. A father's undying love is the most the endearing quality Mark hasâ€¦Well that and all his other ones." She finished her tale with a bright blush on her face and a demure giggle.

I hate Victoria. I hate her so much. She talks about my dad like he's her lover, calling him by his name, like they're so close. I hate it. She don't have the right to act like she's so close to him in front of me. My hands are squeezing the shower products hard enough to pop the bottles.

"I guess he does." I thinly smiled before I walked into one of the showers and closed the curtain. I have get her out of my sight before I snap. I undress and put my things outside of the shower. The hot burn of the shower water hits me like bullets. Let all my problems wash away like dirt.

"So dreariness aside. How would you like to go to the mall this weekend? We can hunt for some killer outfits for the End of the World Party coming up. I just have to show you this dress I found. I think it'll be perfect for you." Victoria yelled over the noise of the running shower. Why can't she leave me alone? I'm trying to keep myself from strangling her.

"Sorry I can't. I promised Nathan I'd spend time with him this weekend." I started scrubbing out my irritation on my scalp. Maybe I

could try dying my hair one day. Shit, my shampoo bottle is almost empty.

I heard Victoria's practiced laugh. "Guess I can't usurp your time with Nate, he can be really possessive every so often. We'll have to hang some other time." She even has to throw her closeness with Nathan in my face as well. I rinsed all the product from my hair hoping Victoria would finally leave.

To my annoyance, she made no effort to leave and instead started blabbering about the latest gossip at school. I ignored most of the dribble coming out her mouth and prioritized cleaning myself. I occasionally responded to her while I scrubbed my skin raw. I feel like I have to diligently scrub to get the filth of this morning off. I was covered in that girl's blood. I already forgot her name. I scrub the vanilla body wash harder into my skin with the sponge. Under no circumstance do I ever want to be covered in blood again.

I finished with my cleansing purge and grabbed my towel to dry off. As I came out the shower in a towel Victoria waved goodbye to me. "Au revoir Clarissa. We'll talk more later. I've got homework to finish."

"Sure, sure." I politely waved back at her. I sighed as the blonde finally left. I took the towel off and put my pajamas on.

"Uppity bitch." I swiped my hand over the mirror until it cleared up. "She's starting to annoy me as much as Rachel did. She was all over Daddy too." I started braiding my hair into a side braid. I'll let it air dry like this so my hair will be wavy in the morning.

I'll never let Victoria get near my dad outside of school. Since she found out I'm the daughter of Mark Jefferson, Victoria has tried to get an invite to our house through a friendship with me. She even dared to suggest we do homework together at my house once before I even really knew who she was. I made the mistake of having a friend over once. I won't repeat that mistake after how she betrayed me. The idea of even having someone else in my only comfort zone makes me sick. The apartment is the only place I don't have to act normal. I can be as despicable and broken as I want in my cave of wonders.

Sometimes I do wish I could live the life of someone else.

I left the showers with all my stuff and made my way back to Dana's. Being clean and smelling like vanilla is a great feeling. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Kate's head pop out of her door. I hurriedly opened Dana's door and shuffled inside. I am in no mood to deal with her. I did my part. I want nothing else to do with her.

Dana is laying back on her bed texting on the phone. I see she's eaten some more junk food while I was gone. She doesn't notice me come in. Feeling a little hungry I take a chocolate bar from the pile of goodies. I sit on the couch and observe Dana's gleeful expression as I munch on a Crunch Bar. This would taste better if it were a bit more frozen. I like my chocolate cold.

I sat and watched Dana for a few minutes.

"So who're you texting?" My question startles Dana into dropping her

phone. The heavy object lands on her nose.

"Ouch!" She splutters for a moment before she glares at me. "When did you come in?!" Dana is red and twitchy, signs of a guilty person.

"I've been watching you make kissy faces at your phone for a good while. I take it your man candy is texting you?" I winked at Dana's flustered face. It's cute and refreshing to see her so caught up in that stage of dating. I remember when I first started feeling that fluttering excitement for Nathan. Every thought of him made my chest burst with warmth and my mind would cycle through images of him smiling at me. It was such a beautiful feeling that I wish I could have stayed looped in, but I don't deserve to feel such happy sensations. I don't deserve Nathan Prescott.

"Umm.." Dana hesitates for some reason. "I am texting Trevor and heâ€¦" Dana glanced nervously between me and her phone.

"And what? Does he want you to send him goodnight pic or something?" I don't see how skater boy could make the cheerleader speechless. Trevor doesn't seem like a pig compared to those jocks, so I doubt he's saying anything vulgar to his girlfriend.

"Heâ€¦" Dana looked at her phone again. I rolled my eyes. Timidness is such a turnoff to me unless the person is being emotional. So far Nathan is the only one I've seen pull off nervous act and it not irritate me.

"Do I need to go break his fingers or something? Is he upsetting you?" My impatient tone caused Dana to blurt out her problem.

"Trevor asked if he could come over." Dana apprehensively looked at me.

"Well shit, that's it. You made it sound like life and death hung in the balance." I wasn't expecting Trevor to request that, but it's not that big a deal. From how shy Dana was acting, I can only assume that she wants him to come over and she's looking for my permission. She must really like this guy. Logan and her were an item for twice the amount of time she and Trevor have been together and it took forever for Dana to let Logan visit and yet Trevor is already coming over.

"Are you sure about this Dana? You're still not completely over Logan and you're messed up about the babyâ€¦" Dana hung her head down in depression. I know that was a low blow, but she needs to hear this. I got up from the couch and sat down next to her.

"Babe if you really care about Trevor and you want to express that to him, then I fully support you." I wrapped my arms around Dana and she leaned into the hug. "Love is a funny emotion, it can hurt or it can helpâ€¦ If you're going to have sex with him do it because you want to Dana not because he's indirectly pressuring you." I care about my best friend's heart. I don't want to see it broken again because of some dumbass boy. No girl should be made to feel worthless by a childish guy that can't handle a relationship.

"Thanks for being such a great friend Clarissa. You're always honest

with me and give good advice." Dana happily hugged me back. I truly enjoy having her as a best friend.

"Of course babe. Us redheads need to stick together like you saidâ€|So are you telling him yes or no?" I looked Dana dead in the eyes. If she hesitates then I'll talk her out of it.

"I want to spend the night with himâ€|I think I might be in love Claire bear." Dana's smile was small, but tender. Her adorable expression is the only thing keeping me from gagging from her awful pet name for me.

"Ohâ€|" Dana suddenly sent me a guilty look. "If Trevor comes over, where are you going to sleepâ€|This was our girl's night too." Her mood steadily dropped as she looked between her phone and best friend.

"Don't be stupid Dana. If you're going to have fun with a guy then I will too." I snatched the phone out her hand. "I know Nathan won't have problem with me crashing with him." I started typing up a text to send to Dana's beau.

"Hey give me back my phone! What're you doing?" Dana tackled me at the waist. Shit that hurts. Logan certainly taught her a thing or two.

"D-Dammit Dana!" The curse flew out my mouth after she started jabbing her fingers into my sides. "Don't tickle me! I'm doing you a favor!" I continued texting Trevor as sporadic fits of laughter escaped from me. As I finished telling Trevor to come over Dana's fingers switched to tickling my feet.

"N-No!" My body had a spaz attack from the assault on my feet. I ended up falling off the bed in a fit of uncontrollable chuckles.

"Give me back the phone or I'll continue to torture you." Tears are coming out my eyes now.

"H-Here t-take it." I tossed the phone up Dana. It hit her in the chest, but she caught it. I remained upside down on the floor while I tried to catch my breath.

"Come on over and I'll show you a surprise?!" Dana incredulously frowned. "Clarissa I can't believe you sent that!" Dana knocked my legs off the bed so the rest of my body was on the floor. Man I need to text Nathan next.

"He'll be here in fifteen minutes! Clarissa what do I do? My room has this food and crumbs in here. I'll look a pig to him. Damn! I need to go shower real quick and brush my teeth." Dana ran her hands through her hair as she panicked. She rapidly began trying to tidy up her room.

"I think you should wear one of my Victoria Secret outfits too. That will help distract him." I got my phone from off the table. No missed calls or texts. "Or you could wait for him naked."

"Nooooo! I can't do either of those. I'll hit the shower first then throw on some make-up and perfume. I can manage all that in fifteen

minutes." She frantically grabbed a bunch of things.

"You do that babe. I'll be out of your hair in a minute." Dana thanked me and apologized as she ran out the door with her beauty supplies. I pulled up Nathan's contact info.

"_Hey are you up?"_ He shouldn't be asleep, it's only nine. I contemplated using some of Dana's product. I envy how gorgeous she is. With or without make-up, Dana is a solid ten.

"_Yea wha the fuk u want?"_ His messy text stopped me from going on a jealousy binge.

"_Maybe I want to fuck you."_ Knowing Dana is going to intimate with her boyfriend stirs me up enough to want to do the same thing. I hadn't planned on doing anything promiscuous tonight, but I can't let this opportunity go to waste. Nathan hasn't touched me in so long and he did make feel good a couple of times today.

"_U for real? Don't do tha teasin shit!"_ I think we both teased each other an equal amount of times today.

"_I'm serious. I want to make love to you Nate."_ That text is sending ripples of longing through me. I'm getting turned on just thinking about the brown menace. I wonder how those love bites look on his shoulder now.

"Get the fuk ovr here Ris." His demanding text makes me gather my things.

"Coming." My jacket and shoes are back on. Wait, it's cold outside, I'll need some jeans. I hate pants, but I don't want to freeze my legs off.

"U will." I snorted after reading that perverse innuendo. How clever Nathan. I grabbed a pair of jeans out of Dana's drawer and shimmed into them. Why are tight jeans a thing?

I left a note for Dana on her dresser. She'll see it when she comes back in to put on her make-up.

"Now I just have to run around in the dark."

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"Nathan open up it's me." I murmured as I knocked on his door. Twenty minuets later, I accomplished sneaking into the boy's dorm in nothing but nightclothes and jeans. My jacket hardly kept me warm in that chilly air. Trekking through the dark wasn't easy either. I should've had Nathan come get me, it's the least he can do as a good boyfriend. I hate the dark. Good thing no one saw me in the hallways. The dim lights make it hard to see so even if I was spotted they wouldn't be able to tell it's me.

The door to room 111 opened.

"Clarissa." Nathan's mellow voice jolted me. His voice sounds so loud to me even though he's talking low.

"Are you going to let me in?" He's wedged behind the door and I can't see into his room. Why's he acting shifty?

"You have to close your eyes first." His gaze shifted from me to the side. Okay, this is an odd request. "Well?" He's anxiously waiting on me.

"I trust you Nate." Against my better judgement I obeyed his stipulation. The world went black.

A warm hand grasped mine and pulled me forward. I rub my hands against his to return some heat to mine. The soft click of a lock caused me to jump. I'm really not liking this. I don't feel in control.

"Relax." Nathan's words were followed with a kiss to my ear. The tickle of his breathe involuntarily lead me to shiver. I'm starting to feel warm. How can he expect me to relax when my body is hyper aware of everything. I smell something burning.

"Open your eyes." His voice drifted from my ear and his hand left my hold.

The light returned as my eyelids fluttered open.

"No way." I'm amazed to see Nathan's usual black and grey room lit with multiple blue candles on his desk and drawer. So that was the burning smell. The room actually looks a little romantic from the glow of the flames. Something as simple as candles makes his room seem less depressing.

"Don't sound so fucking surprised." Nathan's words had no bite to them. He's standing to the side of me hunched over by his bed. Music erupts in the room. He must have turned on his speakers. Alluring piano music fills the room. How posh that the rich kid loves classical music. All I ever hear him listen to is whale sounds so this is an interesting change. Why isn't he like this more often? "I didn't want to hear you complain about it being dark in here." He turned back to stare at me.

"Sorry." I held my hands out for him to take. "I love it Nathan, it's very charming." I blissfully smiled as he intertwined our fingers. That walk in the cold, pitch-black night was worth it. I wish I had my camera with to take a picture of this.

"Nate." He lowered his forehead to mine. His blue eyes looks so appealing. Does he feel this potent pressure like I do? "Call me Nate again."

"Nate." I was rewarded with a slow kiss. Nathan removed my jacket as he ended our sensual kiss. I licked my lips wanting more from him. This feels so much more amorous than our other times.

"It sounds nice from you." The jacket was tossed onto his couch. He moved on to his next task of taking off my pants. My breathing is getting quicker.

"That text you sent drove me crazy." He bent down and kissed each part of my leg that was revealed as the jeans came off. His lips are soft touches. The nightgown tumbled down to cover the skin the jeans

previously hid.

"Iâ€|" Nathan stopped undressing me and tentatively studied me. Oh, he looks so shy and innocent right. Only he can make shy look so tantalizing. "I want to make love you too Ris."

"Nate." I tenderly ran my fingers through his fine brown hair. We haven't declared our feeling for the other and yet here we are saying one of the most loving phrases a person can say to their partner. I hadn't even been thinking when I sent that particular text to Nathan. The hardest part of being a young girl is feeling emotions that I'm not ready to face. I'm too scared to say those words to him.

"I don't want to fuck you anymoreâ€|" He tossed the jeans next to the jacket after I stepped out of them. I'm fixated on his moving lips. "No more crazy shit. I want to do this properly."

"That's fine with me." I have no problem letting his box of rope and blindfolds rest under his bed. His BDMS fetish is a little wild for me and I feel too high on whatever this is to appease to Nathan's rough fantasies.

"Then fucking strip." Any reply I could have made was cut off by my abrupt squeak. Nathan's hands snaked under my dress straight to my underwear. I moaned as he went ahead rubbing circles on me while his lips made their way up my thigh. "You smell like vanilla." His rumbling voice against my leg is making me heat up. My hands tightened their grip on his hair as those lips replaced his thumb. My legs feel like jelly and I'm on fire, this is insane, he's barely started.

"I said strip Clarissa. Or are you fucking deaf?" Nathan pulled away from me after planting another kiss in the middle of my underwear. He stood and started untangling my braid. I'm too entranced with him to get mad over his teasing. His watchful gaze followed me as I let the gown fall to the floor after taking off the straps. Nathan finished with my braid and I shook my hair out to drape over my shoulders.

"Light blue looks pretty on you." His hot gaze admired the lacy artwork serving as the last barrier covering me. I slowly unhooked the bra. "But black looks best on you." My panties and bra joined the rest of the growing pile of clothes on his couch.

"Damn." Nathan went back and forth between squeezing and relaxing his knuckles as he wildly stared at every inch of my nude form. His eyes have become like camera lens, snapping individual photos of me. It's so hot in here, I want to open a window.

I tip-toed over to Nathan. "Nate you have to undress too. I can't be the only one naked." I'm speaking so softly, I'm too afraid braking this moment.

He grunted when I pulled his shirt up and over his head. I ran my hands over his smooth skin. He's lost weight again. I pressed a kiss to his and felt his heart thump under my lips. I moved my hands down, intent on getting his shorts off next, but Nathan growled and held my neck so he could smash his mouth on mine.

His humid hands roamed over my back and pressed me flush against him.

I moaned from the tingles I got from having my breast connected with his chest. Our mouths moved in tandem to the music. Another song had begun and the melody is crescendoing just like my heart. I need to get his shorts off. My hands are trying to remove these pesky shorts, but they're not budging because of our close bodies.

"Nate!" I try to call out to him to get him to undress. He ignores me and tenses up before he picks me up. I have to quickly wrap my arms around his shoulders to stay balanced. He rains kisses all over my neck and jaw while he maneuvers us to the bed. When he reaches his destination Nathan drops me on to the bed. I bounce for a moment before I settle on the comfortable bed. I sit up and reach for him. I want him to stay connected with me.

"Stay still Ris." He firmly pushes me back so I'm laying down. His feral grin momentarily prompted my cheeks to redden. What is he going to do? His mouth swiftly descended onto my nipple and started slow dance of licking and sucking while his hand tended to the other. Oh it feels good. It hurts a little to have him playing with my chest, they feel so sensitive, but it feels wonderful. I lightly scrapped my nails against his and back. He hums in return for my caresses.

Nathan starts grinding against me, pressing his hard lower half against my heated half. The friction of our bodies is making me want to tear off his shorts and get this going. I hear him mutter my name as he stops fondling my breast. He ventures lower, leaving a wet trail of saliva in his path. I can't help but wriggle in his hold as his hands move over my sides. I can feel him smirking on my skin. I don't need to be tickled right now. Suddenly, Nathan blows a raspberry right on my stomach. The laugh comes out before I can stop it.

I have a reprimand and smack ready for him, but I lose the ability to think after his mouth lands on my inner thigh and bites hard. A pained groan rushes out from me. He's so close to there. Is he?

His tongue answers my question as it darts in and out. "N-Nathan!" He's never done this to me. I've only read about this online, I never knew how amazing it actually feels. I'm wildly breathing.. I can't keep a steady breathing pattern. I feel like my insides are exploding. Oh shit, this is fucking amazing. I need to hold on to something.

"Nate!" I muddled his name as my back arched off the bed after a particular motion sets off my senses. I took a hold of one of his pillows and used it to smother my face. He's making me want to scream! I can't scream, people will hear. Nathan roughly pulls me toward him by gripping my bottom. His tongue is moving even faster. Shiiiiit. My body is so hot. My hair is starting to stick to my forehead.

"Nathan. Nathan. Nathan. Nate!" I start chanting his name into the pillow like a mantra. A divine rush starts building in me. Nathan's tongue starts speeding up once more in response to my thighs tightening around his shoulders. What the fuck is happening to me?

I hold onto the pillow for dear life as I feel a wave of tension roll over me. All my muscles are tensed up for something climatic. I

continue chanting Nathan's name to keep me together. I feel something in me snap and send me over the edge. My body violently shuddered from the aftereffects of the euphoric feeling coursing through me. A weak cry escaped from me when the sensations continued. As my high leveled out my arms let go of the pillow and collapsed against the bed. It feels like I've just finished running a marathon. My heart is pounding so fast and harsh against my rib cage. I can't breathe correctly. I feel so fucked up, drugs have nothing on this.

The pillow disappeared and I was greeted with Nathan's wild and flushed face. I haven't seen him look so messy since the last party we went to and he got extremely drunk and spent the next morning in bed hungover. I don't look any better with my hair twisting and sticking to me from the sweat and my body is equally pink and moist from our activities. I can smell that odd scent of sex on him too.

"You look so fucking beautiful, Ris and I'm the one who did this to you." His husky voice and awestruck expression made me feel vulnerable. He serenely caressed my cheek, moving some red strands off my face. A lot of blood is rushing to my cheeks. I licked my dry lips. What are you doing to me Nathan Prescott?

"Nate, I want you inside me now." I looped my arms around his neck and brought him closer. He smells like me. My body needs to feel all of him. I don't want him to leave my arms. This level of affection I'm feeling is absurd. Fucking hormones.

"You're such a sexy bitch. How the fuck can you keep riling me up?" He stood up and reached down to tug his shorts and boxers off. He kicked them off to the side. Nathan is finally as bare and open as me.

"Come here Nate." I beckon him back with a fond smile. I want to see this disturbingly beautiful boy come undone like all the other times. I want to see that furious face he makes as he's overwhelmed in emotions he can't explain. Nathan climbed on top of me and kissed me as he readied himself. This kiss taste odd because of his earlier activities. Everything about us is odd.

"Fuck!" His curse is exactly what I'm thinking when he enters me. My core still feels overly stimulated from before so our coupling feels like a jolt of electricity to me. This is breathtaking. I can't get enough of this boy. I start lathering his poor purple shoulder in wet kisses.

"S-Shitâ€¦It's so sensitiveâ€¦This isn't going to last long Ris." He shakily starts thrusting in slow bursts. His arms are taunt next to my head.

"It's okay." Rubbing circles on his bulging muscles, I try to make it easier for him. My efforts only make him groan more. My soothing kisses make their way up his neck .

"So wetâ€¦F-Fuck." He continues mumbling as he moves one of his arms under me as his thrust pick up. His arm brings my hips closer to his to make the thrusts go deeper. He buries his face into my red hair. I sighed from the feeling of being on cloud nine. My sore legs wrapped around him to bring him deeper into a cocoon of warmth.

"Nate, go faster!" I moaned into his ear. My nibbles on his ear prompted him to jerk erratically from the change in position. His thrusts are making it difficult to think straight. He can't go any deeper can he?

"Ris!" He shifts and it makes me moan his name again. We need to be quieter. I'm sure someone is listening. I angled my head so I could kiss his face and he turned to catch my lips. Our tongues are fighting against the other as our meshed bodies work to send us to a newfound ecstasy.

Nathan's movements become sporadic and convulsive as he nears his peak. Our limbs tightly interlock us together despite their screaming protests from the abuse of our lovemaking. Our lips break apart for a much needed air break. I hold on to his neck and shoulder as he rapidly starts panting. Both his hands are rigidly holding my hips in place while he slams back and forth. His face is scrunching up into that expression I like. He's in that moment of supreme concentration and pleasure. A trickle of sweat rolls down his forehead. I'm sure if his eyes were open they'd be grey from his surging emotions. I'm sure my eyes have gone black from my over abundant lust.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!" He's harshly biting his lip. If he doesn't stop he'll break the skin. His bed is rocking from the force of our movements. We just can't keep quiet.

"Nate!" I can't speak anything else but his name at this point. He makes some animal noise as he comes undone after I call out for him. He sloppily plants his mouth over my bruised one as he rides out his peak of pleasure. His orgasm pleases a darker part of me that enjoys seeing him out of sorts because of me.

Our heavy pants are the only sounds coming from the two of us for a while. Nathan pulls out and crumples on top of me disregarding how hefty he is compared to me. I'm too tired to push him off. I brush loose strands of hair out of my face and behind my ears. I'm going to need to take a long shower in the morning. Nathan adjusts himself over me so he's more comfortable. I switch from combing my hair to combing through his short mess. We're both too tired to redress ourselves at the moment.

"Nathan you should open your window." A big yawn came out of me. It's getting hard to keep my eyes open. "Or your room's going to smell like sex and sweat tomorrow." His body is warm and comfortable like a blanket.

"Whatthefuckever." He drowsily pulled the cover we knocked over in the heat of the moment back over our nude bodies. The classical music still playing too. I reach over to switch the music. The sound of whale noises filled the room. I know Nathan needs to hear it to sleep. We settled into a comfortable position to sleep.

"Nate don't leave me!" The words slurred out as I entered a state of emptiness.

I don't know if I had already entered my dream or not, but I heard Nathan's voice say he loved me. I hope this was part of my dream. I'm not worthy of his love or anyone's love for that matter. Monsters can't be loved.

End
file.